Saturday Review

August 31, 1963 25¢

RECORDINGS

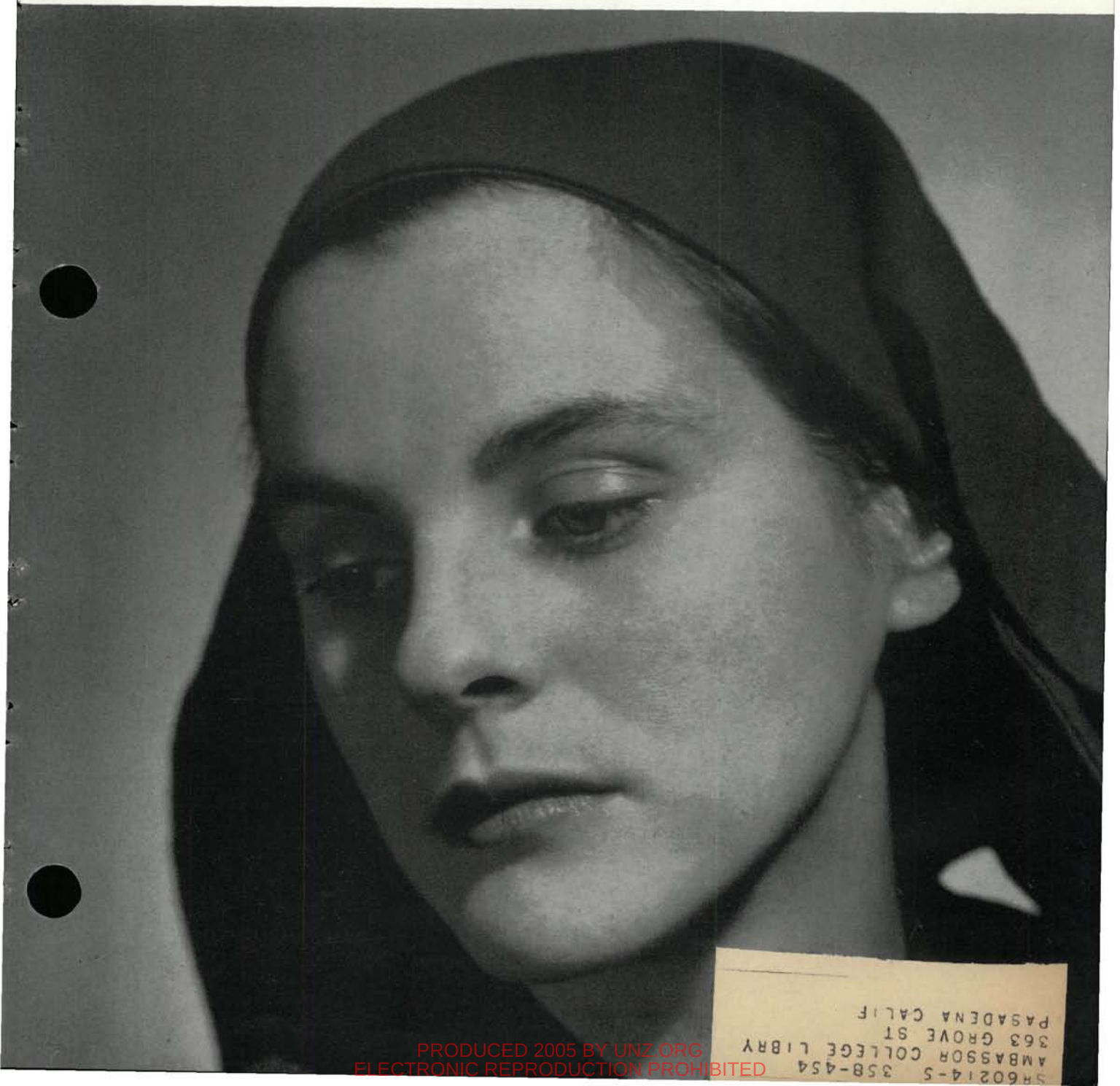
The Magic and Mystery of Words

By J. Donald Adams

A First Recording of "Siegfried"

By Irving Kolodin

Mary McCarthy, Author of "The Group"
(see Literary Horizons.)



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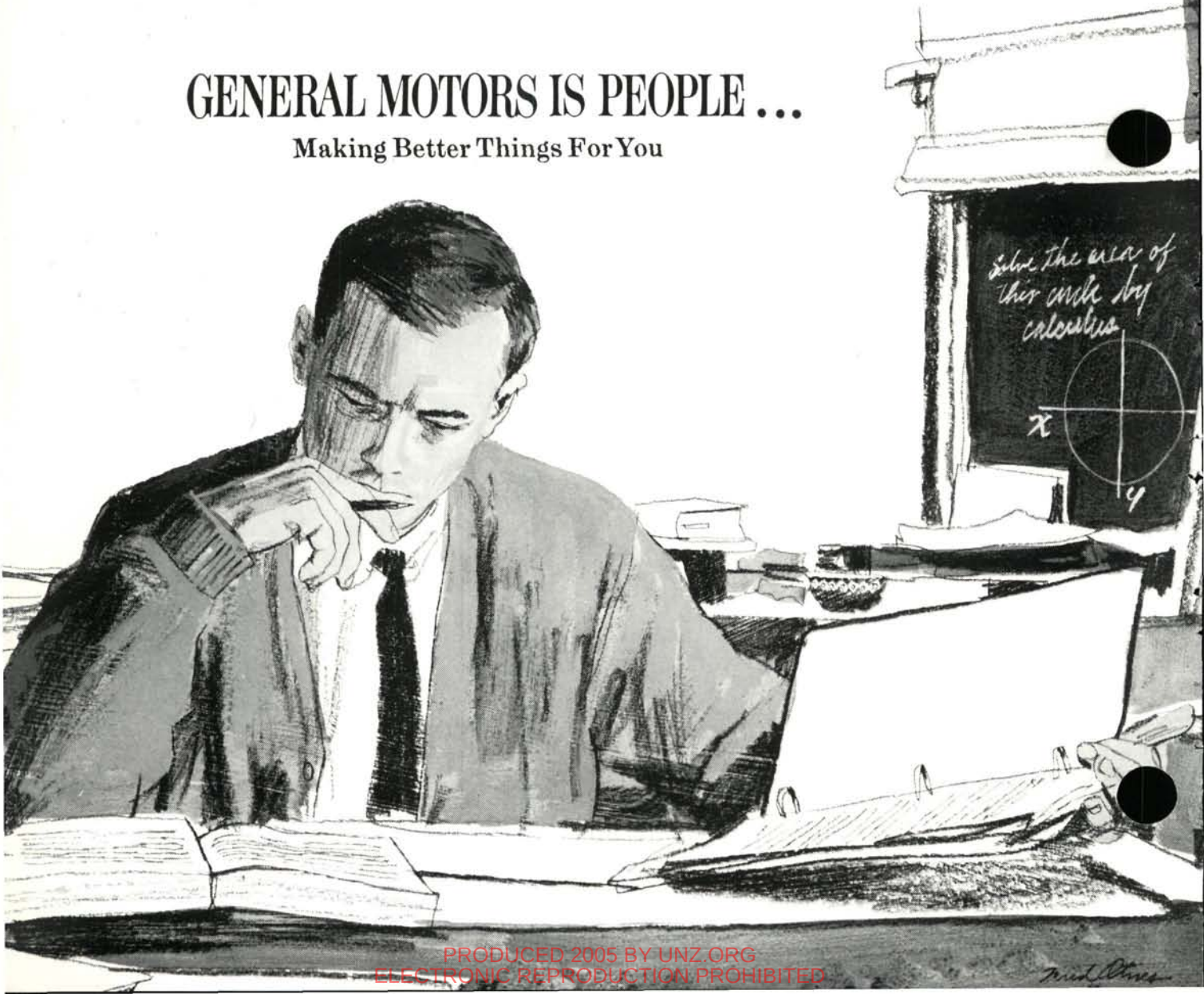

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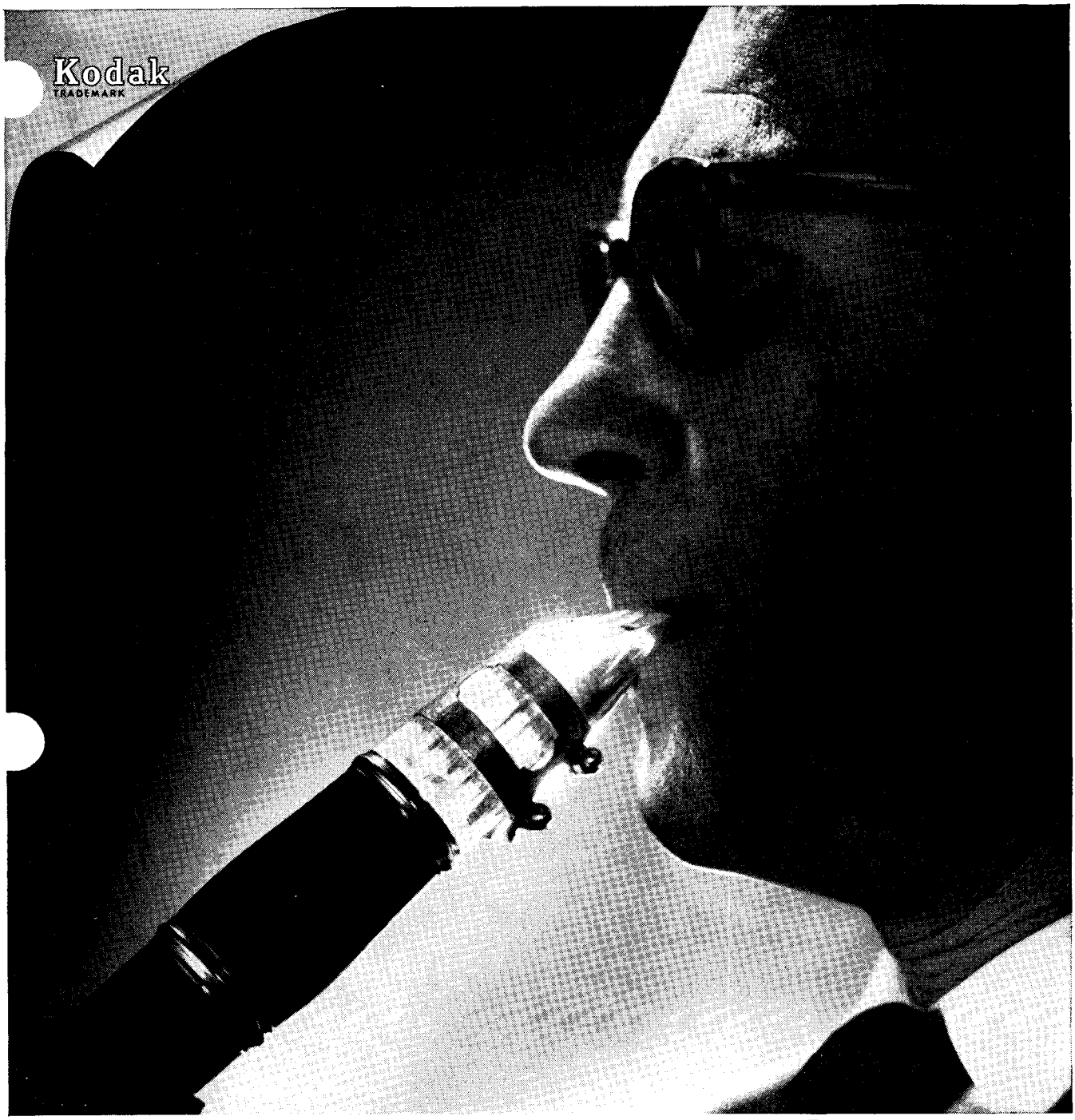

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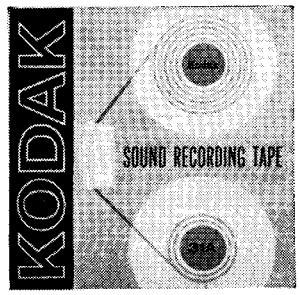

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Saturday Review

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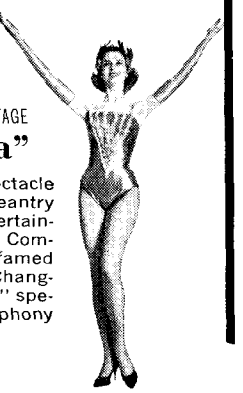

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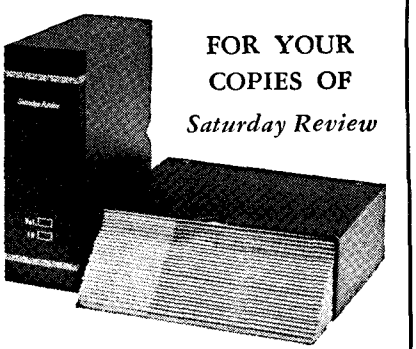

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Edited by Martin Levin

HUBCAPS AND MARRIAGE

IN mid-twentieth century America there's a problem about automobile hubcaps. I know some folks here in Charlotte (N. C.) who remove their hubcaps Friday afternoon when they get home from work for the weekend. They are tired of having them stolen. Teen-agers steal these hubcaps and probably trade them for a few cents some place, or they do it for a thrill.

There's only one cure for this problem: *Marriage*. We have found that when the teen-ager marries he stops stealing hubcaps. The psychologists who advise against early marriages have not taken this into consideration. Even if he marries at the age of 16 it ends his career as hubcap stealer. There's something about marriage that gives a man a greater sense of responsibility and a more meaningful sense of direction. It is true he may go on to bigger things, but at least the hubcaps are safe.

—HARRY GOLDEN.

• • •

LAZY DAYS IN THE HAMMOCK

I certainly wish they would put silencers on lawnmowers. And there's a sentence that's got just about everything as far as I'm concerned. There was the time when the sound of a neighbor mowing his lawn was the gentle whirring of an old reel type machine pushed by man or boy power. It didn't disturb a soul. In fact it was balm to the fellow in a hammock. Now and then the fellow would roll over and take a little snooze, waking refreshed and ready for another sip from the pitcher of lemonade or a go at Michael Arlen's *The Green Hat*.

But nowadays! There's not a soupçon of balm in the backyard. Just the other Saturday I set up my old canvas navy hammock under the maple. Filled with nostalgia, I got out my fly swatter and old copy of *Tarzan*. The weather was balmy and a warm sun gently melted the ice in my glass, which contained a special lemonade I've grown quite fond of.

I'd taken only four or five sips and Tarzan had barely taken Jane up into the old gum tree near the pygmy camp when all hell broke loose and I had to retire into my house in great disorder. Fumes. And noise! Fierce. A good many of my neighbors, seeing me at my ease, had taken this golden opportunity to get out their five horsepower riding mowers for a whack at the lawn. Jane and Tarzan will have to work their way out of the gum tree without any help from me.

It isn't merely the lawn mowers that offend and distract me. There are the rototillers, the hedge clippers, the mulchers—all motorized and raring to go on any quiet day. In my house it isn't exactly a graveyard either. When I come in the door the disposal turns on and chews up chicken bones and knives and forks and my set of Easy-Outs Junior has thrown in for good luck. The dishwasher gets under way on cue with a hiss and a roar. The automatic dryer begins rolling away and I can hear the buttons tearing off my good shirts.

After a hard day at the office it's wonderful to come home to peace and quiet. Wonderful but impossible. Junior and the TV, Sister and her record of "Goona-Goona," Mama on the phone—all add up to a quiet hour for Daddy that is pretty hard to come by. That is the understatement of the rocket age.

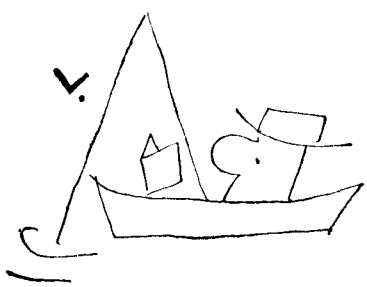
I finally found a place up in the attic. Between the dressmaker's dummy and the set of Go-Devils I got for graduation from 8th grade. I lie back on a pillow that says "Mabel, Nekoosa 1910" on it and listen to the starlings on the roof. And I have my lemonade. It's not bad listening to the birdies.

—ROBERT LABOUR.

• • •

CONFESSIONS OF THE FIRST NUMBER

It was inevitable. Sooner or later somebody had to be picked for the rare honor of being the first to give up his name for a digit. The first, that is, outside of regular prisons. My number (or name, as I've come to call it) is now 420 03 2557. My first number is 420, not much different from a three-syllable name such as Adelbert. The middle name or initial is 03, no more difficult than any two-syllable name, say Jasper. And the last or surnumber is 2557, no more unwieldly than a name such as Vanlandingham.



As I said, rather well I thought, at the announcement ceremony, "I am honored to be the first person to orbit into the outer space of numerical security." That pleased the man there from the new agency in Washington handling the conversion, the National Agency for Numerical Security (NANS).

At first I didn't want to give up my name, though it was not anything special except perhaps to me. Still, it was mine and I had been known by it for a number of years. I rather liked it. Yet most of those I deal with apparently had me down as a number anyway. Reluctantly I agreed, after the mayor of our town kept telling me I would be a pioneer, the first into a new age, and in that way would achieve a certain distinction. Something like the first man into space.

Out of some 20 numbers I had to deal with, including the latest, my ZIP code, it was finally decided that my social security number would be best. It was one of the longest and could eventually absorb the others. Besides, the Internal Revenue Service was already calling me by that number, which made it feel warm and familiar.

So they had this big ceremony. The mayor and other local dignitaries and friends were there along with the man from Washington. He made a speech about how practical and humanitarian it would be for everyone to have a number instead of a name. It would promote mass efficiency and true democracy and equality, he said; then, no one would have a distinctive name nor a particularly poor one. He said, too, that it would raise the morale of all those in regular prisons since they would no longer feel discriminated against. I felt better after his speech.

Everyone congratulated me and kept calling me 420, or Mr. 2557, or just plain "4" (my nicknumber). After a while it began to sound natural. Reporters were there with a lot of questions.

"What do you really think of being a number instead of a name?" one reporter asked.

What do I think?! Why should I think? Let the computers do the thinking.

—420 03 2557.
(Formerly Cliff Owsley)

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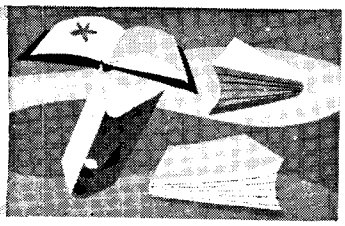
Trade Winds



A MAJOR LITERARY event of the year occurred this summer when the International Wizard of Oz Club held its third annual convention in Knox, Indiana, at Ozcot Lodge, a small summer hotel owned by Harry Neal Baum and his wife. Baum is the only surviving son of L. Frank Baum, who wrote *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* in 1900. Baum created a new world—Oz—and launched

a series of children's books, plays, motion pictures, songs, and other by-products that have made a deep impression on the imaginations of many.

The Oz books, of course, have sold millions of copies throughout the world. New ones are still being written and published; old ones still sell by the thousands every Christmas season. The Oz Club, founded about five years ago by young Justin G. Schiller of Brooklyn, is at least one answer to the increasing interest in Baumiana and Oz lore. First editions are collectors' items; one sold recently for $875.

Oz enthusiasts spend a lot of time looking up facts about Baum, the amazing and rather brilliant man who started it all. They delight in solving some puzzle in the publishing history of the books. They draw maps of Oz and argue over the relative locations of the Land of the Winkies and the Land of the Munchkins. This sort of thing has been going on for years, but the Oz Club has for the first time brought Oz-lovers together. *The Baum Bugle*, a magazine published thrice annually, reports club news and presents original features about new discoveries in the field.

THERE ARE 150 members of the International Wizard of Oz Club. Some thirty-five of them came from as far as the Virgin Islands to the convention, including college students, newspapermen, professors, commercial artists, and free-lance writers. They swapped valuable editions of Oz books; they held an auction of rare Baumiana; they presented the third annual L. Frank Baum Memorial Award to his son.

Dr. Henry Kolbe of Plymouth, Michigan, and Mrs. Harry Baum played music from the theatrical productions written and scored by L. Frank Baum: *The Wogglebug*, *The Tik-Tok Man of Oz*, and, of course, *The Wizard of Oz*. There was shown for the first time in fifty years a filmed episode from the *Patchwork Girl of Oz*, a movie made in 1914 by Baum himself. Also shown was the complete seven-reel 1925 production of *The Wizard*, starring Oliver Hardy.

Special menus included such culinary delights as Roast Ork, Torpedodo Fondu, Bittsywittle Braten, and Jack Pumpkinhead Pie. Do you remember your Oz stories well enough to recognize them? Most folks either love the Land of Oz or couldn't care less. If you're the former, and want to know more about joining the club (annual dues: $2.00), write Fred M. Meyer, 1620 First Avenue South, Escanaba, Michigan.

SICK AND TIRED of having his line stolen for almost thirty years, Max Lief of Hollywood, California, is at last demanding justice. Here's the story:

In 1934 Paramount Pictures bought a comedy, *Two for Tonight*, which had been written by Lief and his brother, Dr. J. O. Lief. One of the characters urged to back a play, backs out as he sourly remarks, "I don't like plays with messages in 'em. If I want messages I can always get Western Union."

"Over all these years," Max Lief tells me, "cursed with frustrated anonymity, I've read and/or heard this line in countless books, magazines, movies, TV shows, etc. It's been attributed to everyone from Kaufman to Hemingway."

Mr. Lief insists it is his line. He says if anyone can prove it isn't, he'll gladly give up any claim to it. (To emphasize his point, he wrote to me on a Western Union message form.)

I AM USUALLY prepared to expect something unusual from Borden and Babs Deal, the husband-and-wife writing team from Alabama. He's finished a long novel that Doubleday is to publish next year. She has another book, *The Grail*, coming out in a few weeks under the McKay imprint. It's a football novel; for some reason Babs knows the game cold. She has used the King Arthur legend as the basis of a story about a modern football team.

Even more unusual is the history of the Deals' trip to New York last June for interviews and editorial talks. T' drove with their three children, and the time they reached the city Borden had a full-fledged case of mumps. He lay on his back for a week while Babs hurried to interviews and editorial talks for two. The children went to visit friends in New Jersey. Just as Borden got out of the woods, his oldest daughter broke a bone in her foot and had to be put in a cast.

The second week of the visit went smoothly, though, and the Deals drove happily South by way of the Blue Ridge Parkway. When they arrived home, however, they discovered that the lady who was supposed to have typed the 880 pages of the final draft of his novel had stopped at page 286. She disapproved of the moral tone of the book, she said, and meant to do her part to discourage its publication. The manuscript was due July 1; Borden typed it himself.

SHARPS AND FLATS: A file drawer at the Colorado Springs Public Library is marked: AUTHORS BAH.

• Dedicated druggist? A Shaker Heights, Ohio, drug store sign reads: "In sickness or in health, your pharmacist is ready to serve you."

• Pyke Johnson, Jr. noted recently that young people who scratch their sunburns are smaller than those who don't, which he says proves that "Little itchers have big peers."

• Marietta Marcin asked at the Aspen, Colorado Public Library for *Who's Who in America*. Someone at the desk said, "I'm sorry, we don't have that book. Maybe it's in a soft-cover edition at the paperback bookstore next door."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NO. 1533)

(BETTY) FRIEDAN:

THE FEMININE MYSTIQUE

Analysts who have freed themselves from Freud's bias and joined other behavioral scientists in studying the human need to grow believe that this is quite* the basic human need, and that interference with it, in any dimension, is the source of psychic trouble.

———

*Inserted to get the Q.

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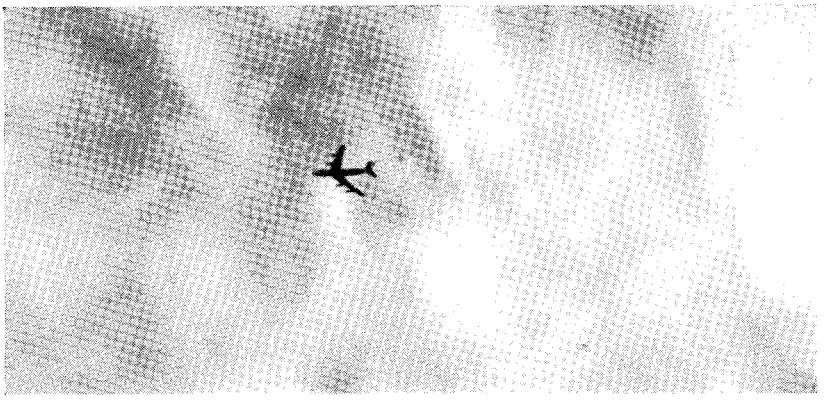
On Christmas Day, 1961, I flew American's last non fan-jet flight.

The American Airlines fan-jet story

The pilot, Captain Wynne.



Our last non fan-jet flight was Dec. 25, 1961. We now have 64 fan-jets. The next airline has 23.

When I left Chicago that day, the plane [#518] had already been given a retirement dinner.

[Roast beef, speeches and a gold watch.]

This was the last take-off with an ordinary jet that I ever made. When I landed in Los Angeles, #518 went back to the shop to become an Astrojet.

This meant fan-jet engines and 30% more power. It's quite an operation and takes a higher stabilizer, more wing sweepback, a ventral fin under the tail and so on.

In fact, American is the only transcontinental airline that has fan-jet engines on every jet in its fleet.

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By J. Donald Adams

The Magic and Mystery of Words

A noted *New York Times* book editor examines words: their beauty, their origins, their future, and their power for good and evil.

HAS IT ever occurred to you how much words have in common with money? They are, first of all, counters of exchange; they are sometimes inflated and frequently devalued, put in circulation and withdrawn. They, too, accumulate interest, they are coined, they are borrowed, they grow blurred with use, they are hoarded, and they are spent lavishly. They can be counterfeit. They convince and they seduce. They are accepted (too often) at face value, and they lend themselves easily to speculation, or I would not be writing these particular words.

As a subject for comment, words are almost on a par with the weather in their universality of appeal. We all use them, poorly or well, and for good or ill; we all have some interest in them, if only in solving crossword puzzles. Books about them multiply; newspapers run prize contests based on their use; magazines prod us into enlarging our vocabularies. Is it paradoxical that so much attention should be paid them at a time when they are more carelessly used and more rapidly debased than ever before, or is this increased attention the result of their abuse?

In either case, the situation is strange. Surely there was never a time in which so many different groups of people—including hipsters, horseplayers, sportswriters, sociologists, gossip columnists, psychoanalysts, educators, mobsters, fashion experts, hucksters, physicists, and technologists, bureaucrats and teenagers—have insisted on divorcing themselves from the common tongue and developing a distinctive lingo. At the present rate of acceleration, the time cannot be distant when, in the interest of easier communication, we shall have to devise a new *lingua franca*. Perhaps it would be simpler to take over the old sign language that served the Plains Indians so well.

Whatever the present situation, words remain one of the most living things of man's creation; indeed, one might argue that they have more vitality than anything else we have fashioned. What else is there that seems to lead an independent life? Words do; they acquire strength and lose it; they may, like people, become transformed in character; like certain persons, they may gather evil about them, or, like others, prod our wits or lift our hearts. Like ourselves, some of them suffer from hardening of the arteries. They seem to pursue their own ends with a dogged intention, and when, utterly spent and cast out from the common tongue, they fall into obsolescence, not all the lexicographers and etymologists together can revive them.

During wars and immediately after them, words—particularly those that stand for big and ideal concepts—are likely to have a hollow sound and to grow frayed at the edges, if not somewhat rotten at the heart. Except in their most simple and direct uses, they are not much good in time of war, though we are then pelted with them even more than we are in the intervals of peace. However much we may talk about them as weapons—which they can be—when armies are on the march and the earth shakes, words assume a triviality that belies their true nature. They have a lot to do with making wars, but save for those we speak of as cold, not much with winning them.

Our greatly increased interest in semantics, the science of meanings, is not, I think, a merely chance matter. Words are more important today than ever before, because men have become less united in their attitudes, and have increasing difficulty in understanding one another. Words were less important in the Middle Ages, when peo[ple] were sustained by a deeply felt [reli]gious faith that permeated their l[ives] and when all values were more clearly defined and more universally shared. Even as recently as the nineteenth century Western man, at least, firmly believed in continual progress and the perfectibility of man. Our divisions today are found in more intangible barriers than those of the Berlin wall and the Iron Curtain. As Albert Camus observed, it would seem now as if "man's long dialogue" had come to an end. I said earlier that words have much in common with money, but there is a great difference too, in that they are living tissue, sensitive organisms that require the most careful handling. When they are casually shoved in the slot like tokens on a bus, or when they are used, as they so often are in an age of universal and insistent propaganda, to act as the inky effluvia of the squid, they become obscuring and destructive forces of great potency.

Man's other creations all require a material embodiment of some kind. Words stand alone. Although they appear in type or on the phonograph disc, they are not dependent on them as architecture is dependent upon s[teel] and stone, or painting upon colors [and] canvas. Words alone are as disembodied as when man first drew them from his stream of thought. Though they are transmitted by his vocal cords, by the gestures of his hands, or by the medium of print, they are capable of

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free existence in his brain, like a wish, an ambition, a love. They had to exist there before he could utter them, or by sign communicate their meaning.

Nothing in man's development from the so-called lower orders seems to me as fascinating, as teasing to the mind, as the process by which he developed the capacity for speech. All of us who use words, whether as tools in our work or merely as the means of day-to-day communication with our fellows, must sometimes pause to ponder over their beginnings and to wonder at the frequently brilliant suggestiveness of the symbols chosen by those remote ancestors who looked with fresh eyes upon the phenomena of nature and sought to find, in speech, sounds that would convey what they saw. For all the theories that have been spun about the origins of language, we know with certainty very little about them. All is conjecture, all is shrouded in the mists of an age of which our only records lie in the rocks, or in the forms of animal and vegetable life—and these records, however much else they may tell us, have nothing to say of speech. The question of its origin is the more teasing because the likelihood of our ever learning any more than we now know about it is small indeed.

How we would like to know! Did the old man of the tribe say we will call this thing that, and give it a name? Was there a council, and were other suggestions offered? There are too many obviously echoic words, words that attempt to approximate in sound the things for which they stand, for us not to believe that there sometimes was a conscious effort toward duplication in speech of what had been observed or heard in experience. To use what is for me an enticing example, consider the ancient Greek word for the sea, which was *thalassa*. To my ear, it conveys the sound of water slapping against a rock or the side of a boat. It is easy to carry these things too far, and I know that the scientific students of language distrust many so-called echoic words. Yet, knowing as little as we do, can't we guess?

Let's consider for a moment words that do not achieve their effect by imitating certain sounds, but nevertheless seem admirably suited to call up the image of what they are meant to stand for. There are two old English words that have come down unsullied through the centuries, unchanged in pronunciation and meaning, and singularly figurative: *dawn* and *dusk*. I have always taken pleasure in both the sight and sound of these words. To me, there is slowly spreading light in the word *dawn*, both to the eye as we see it in print, and to the ear as we hear it spoken. So far as the eye is concerned, this effect is partly due, I think, to the fact that "a" is a bright letter; it lets in light. For that reason I prefer the spelling "grey" to "gray," because the first seems to me more shadowed. And when we hear the sound that *dawn* makes, surely the lengthiness and opening out of that single syllable suggest the gradual filling of the sky with light. Similarly, when we hear the word *dusk*, there is about the sound of it a suggestion of stealthiness, of the creeping up of night. Old as they are, unspoiled as they are, these two words are used more commonly in writing than in speech. No words could be simpler or more expressive, but in ordinary speech we are more likely to use *sunrise* and *twilight*,

Punctuation and Meaning

Edgar Allan Poe was hardly exaggerating when he said: "Even where the sense is perfectly clear, a sentence may be deprived of half its force—its spirit—its point by improper punctuation."

When you talk you do not depend upon words alone to tell your listener what you mean. Facial and bodily gestures can and do add much to the words themselves: you shrug a shoulder, wiggle a finger, raise an eyebrow, wink, clasp hands, bend forward or backward, grin or grimace, stamp your foot, nod or shake your head. The tone and stress of your voice can and do influence the meaning of words you speak: you yell or whisper; speak calmly or angrily; lower or raise your voice at the end of a statement or a question. Meaning in talk is affected by pauses and halts which are often as significant as the words themselves. . . .

Similarly, when we write we cannot expect words alone to make clear to our reader what we have or think we have in mind. The pauses, stresses, and inflections which occur in speech must be represented in writing by various marks of punctuation if meaning is to be fully clear. The needs of the eye are quite different from those of the voice and ear.

Punctuation came into existence solely for the purpose of making clear the meaning of written words. Every mark of punctuation is a sort of shorthand device or road sign provided to help the reader along his way.

The relationship between parts of a sentence is revealed by word order; words in an English sentence have meaning largely because of their position. . . . In written English, various marks of punctuation both suggest and indicate the grouping and relationship required to convey meaning clearly. . . .

Correct punctuation is organic, not merely mechanical and arbitrary. . . . By *organic* is meant "belonging to, an essential part of." . . . Correct punctuation is itself a form of communication. And communication is, or should be, the primary purpose of all writing. . . .

—From "Punctuate It Right" by Harry Shaw, former professor of writing at Columbia and New York University, and at present consulting editor for Barnes & Noble publications. The volume will be published next week.

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or, in certain localities of the United States, *sunup* and *sundown*. Is it because of the beauty of *dawn* and *dusk* that they have acquired a somewhat literary character, so that we are a trifle self-conscious about their casual use? Certainly they are still fresh and unstained; yet *dawn* comes down to us from the Anglo-Saxon verb *dagian*, which in Middle English became *dawnen*, and *dusk* from the Anglo-Saxon *dosc* and the Middle English *dosk* or *dusk*. Fifteen centuries have failed to stale them.

Words have a magic and mystery. It is interesting to note how much the effect of certain words upon us can be altered by a slight change in them, and how a certain phrase can be undermined by the substitution of one word for another of almost but not quite equivalent meaning. In *The Summing Up*, although Somerset Maugham contends that the language of the King James version has had a deleterious effect upon subsequent English prose, he refers to its *majestical* quality. Normally I prefer a short word to a longer one, but in this instance *majestical* adds a measure of weight where it is needed that *majestic* does not have.

In the matter of phrases in which slight alteration has disproportionate effect, suppose we consider the Biblical phrase "beside the still waters." *Quiet* is a synonym for *still*, but if it is substituted for the word chosen by the King James translators, the magic of the phrase is impaired. *Still* seems to me a quieter word than *quiet*, which is actually rather noisy. *Still* is like dropping a pebble in an unruffled pool, and watching the circles silently widening out. With *quiet* you have just the plop of the pebble.

"Words," Elihu Root once said, "are like those insects that take their color from their surroundings. Half the misunderstanding in this world comes from the fact that the words that are spoken or written are conditioned in the mind that gives them forth by one set of thoughts and ideas, and they are conditioned in the mind of the hearer or reader by another set of thoughts and ideas, and even the simplest forms of expression are frequently quite open to mistake, unless the hearer or reader can get some idea of what were the conditions in the brain from which the words come."

I SUSPECT that one of the first steps necessary to getting ourselves and the world out of the mess we are in, is to become clear in our minds as to just what we mean by certain words, and also what other people mean, who use them in what may seem to us a quite different sense. I am thinking, of course, of words like *democracy, liberal*, and *conservative*. George Orwell may have hit on a profound truth when he assumed that the present political chaos is connected with the decay of language, and that some improvement might be brought about by starting at the verbal level.

There is much more to this situation, however, than the loose or inappropriate use of words arising out of carelessness or ignorance. Orwell called attention to the fact that in our time a part of political speech and writing is devoted, through a carefully disingenuous use of words, to "the defense of the indefensible." He had particular reference to the dishonest nice Nellieness with which some of the characteristic deviltries of our era are described. The bombardment of defenseless villages has too often gone by the deceptively innocent term, *pacification*. When men are sent to prison without trial, or bundled off to concentration camps, phrases like *elimination of unreliable elements* are called into use. In this fashion it is possible to name horrible things without creating mental pictures of them. Such is the power of words.

Orwell hazarded the guess that the German, Italian, and Russian languages all deteriorated as a result of the word-jockeying that ensued as soon as dictatorship in one form or another fastened itself upon these peoples. Indeed, even in Great Britain and the United States the growth of bureaucracy has encouraged an increase of muddiness, clumsiness, and circumlocution, and the changes have been definitely on the side of deception and concealment. We like to think of ours as a time when plain speaking and writing are better appreciated than they were in some periods of the past; we are proud of the fact that Fourth of July oratory now sounds hollow in our ears, and we boast of our readiness to call a spade a spade, but we are guilty of some strange contradictions of that attitude.

Language being the responsive medium it is, one deeply affected by the temper and attitudes of the period to which it belongs, it is only natural that the way in which words are used in our time should reflect our confusion and our awareness of shifting values. But language is not only acted *upon*—it is an active force itself, capable of affecting our attitudes and ideas; and that is why we must give increasing thought to words and to the power within them.

Emerson said, "Every word was once a poem." A few of them, I think, still are. This is true even of some place-names, whose beauty is solely that of sound, like *Susquehanna* and *Shenandoah*. Words, then, are like money, counters of exchange; they are living entities; they were, and sometimes still are, poems, they are persuaders and fortifiers, tranquilizers and irritants, and they are forces for good or evil, builders and destroyers.

Words are not static. All civilized tongues—and possibly those of primitive peoples—are in continual flux, and this is more true, perhaps, of our own than of any other. I daresay that English

"If Taubman and Kerr have left, why do *we* have to stay?"

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has suffered more sea changes since the eenth century, when it began to ne a character recognizable to us now, than French, Spanish, Italian, German, or Russian. Nowhere have these changes been as constant or as pronounced as in the United States. English on its home grounds has altered much, of course, but not as markedly as here, where it separated itself sufficiently from parental usage for H.L. Mencken to be emboldened to issue a declaration of verbal independence in *The American Language*.

What Mencken did not foresee was that British and American English, both written and spoken, would draw closer together. This *rapprochement* has been in progress since World War I, following several decades in which American writers were forging a native style, more closely approximating the differences that distinguished our speech from that of the mother country. The source of this development has been too commonly attributed to Mark Twain, who, though he did more to advance it than Thoreau, was by no means the pioneer that Hemingway called him in stating flatly that "American writing begins with Mark Twain." Not only did reau precede Twain in arriving at ive style; so, too, at times did his itor Emerson. Earlier still, there are definite traces in Franklin's *Autobiography* of an emerging native idiom. If, prior to Mark Twain, we were prevailingly influenced by English models —and continued to be even past the turn of the century—the balance of power began perceptibly to shift with the coming of World War I. The influence of our own speech and writing on the British began then, too, and has proceeded since at an increasingly accelerated pace. This type of coexistence, though a matter of indifference to us, has not been universally welcomed by our British brethren. Occasional angry voices are lifted in the *Times* of London and other publications, protesting that this linguistic miscegenation must be halted at once.

The march of language, forward or backward, however, cannot be halted. Although that march is speedier and more insistent in matters of speech, it is no less perceptible on the printed page. Though Hollywood may have set the pace for British borrowings from us, the periodical press, though not books, has not been too far behind. The es of London may remain adamant, some other English papers have not been above a flattering interest in American newspaper style. And if Sydney Smith could once – and not wholly without justification – inquire, "Who reads an American book?" no literate Englishman today would raise

such a question. Even *Punch* would laugh at him.

The gulf between us and the British in manner of speech, choice of words, and even of cadence, grows steadily narrower. The once famous, and to our ears unintelligible, Oxford drawl has almost passed from hearing, and the speech of the cultivated Britisher and the cultivated American approximate each other more and more. Where we still differ widely—and this much to our discredit – is in the rhythms of speech. Ours holds to an almost deadly monotone; the British manner of running up and down the scale, when not exaggerated, is far more pleasing and far less boring to the ear. We are still baffled, though, by the speech of the cockney; more so, perhaps, than an Englishman is by the Brooklyn accent.

MY CONCERN with the words of tomorrow is by no means limited, however, to such further verbal fellowship as may come about between the British and ourselves. I am thinking also of such current menaces as the speed-reading craze. The proponents of this fiendish effort to convert the human reader into some kind of IBM computer put a very low value on quality in words and the manner in which they are assembled. They will dispute this charge, of course, but I do not think they can disprove it. Words as they wish us to see them become like so many nickels, dimes, quarters, or cartwheels that you might drop in the maw of a one-arm bandit in the expectation of hitting the jackpot. One quarter or cartwheel serves this purpose just as well as another.

It is not my intention or my wish to throw their entire effort into the ashcan. Their methods, which they guarantee will make it possible for you to consume several pages of print in the time it now takes you to consume but one, may serve very well for certain menial purposes; they will enable you to swallow whole a mass-produced article that you now nibble at piecemeal; they will assist you to get through your favorite newspaper (provided it is not the *New York Times*) before you have finished your morning grapefruit; they will make it possible for you to cut in half the time you now spend on the latest whodunit—but I will bet dollars to doughnuts that they will not increase your appreciation of any first-rate writer, whether he be poet, novelist, or essayist. You will, in fact, lose the greater part of what you were able to get before, even if your eyes formerly had the speed of a moving tortoise. It isn't humanly possible to take in a fat paragraph at a glance, and, beyond absorbing the general sense of it, receive any adequate notion of its structure, its music, its shadings of meaning, or its subtleties of thought. Reading is not a one-way street; you get from it in proportion to what you give, and

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if all you give is a rapid-fire runover, what can you expect for your money? Try reading the Twenty-third Psalm at a glance. That is not perhaps a satisfactory example, for the words are too well-known, even today, although I would wager there are fifteen million teen-agers who couldn't distinguish it from a TV commercial. I know there are thousands of bright, even brilliant, and reasonably well-read teen-agers, for I have listened to some of them; I am talking, however, in terms of national averages.

Speedreading is not the only menace that threatens the words of tomorrow. We pride ourselves on our bluntness of speech, on our distaste for old-fashioned oratory—or any oratory, for that matter—and yet we coin as many or more nice Nellieisms as the Victorians, with their *limbs* for *legs*. They were, as a matter of fact, more honest in some respects, for they simply declined to use the words they thought offensive, instead of devising pale substitutes for them, as we so often do. I say "we"; what I really mean is that these Uriah Heepish words are foisted on us by the sociologists, the bureaucrats, and other dangerous elements in our society.

One phrase now much in the news, which I would like to see cast into outer darkness, is *senior citizens*. This euphemism for the elderly or downright old is almost as offensive as *funeral home*. Whoever concocted it—and the originators of these minor monstrosities somehow always remain anonymous—should be baked in oil and then served as a soufflé in the hell he will sometime inhabit. There will, of course, be a special corner of the infernal regions reserved for the Madison Avenue luminary who thought up "Get that greasy kid stuff out of your hair"; he will be afflicted forever with an itching scalp. As for those smirking dolls who caress their own skins while promoting the last thing in lotions, they will suffer the tortures of perpetual acne.

The words of tomorrow, as foreshadowed in the recent controversial new edition of the Merriam-Webster, will, of course, include a host of technological terms as yet unborn. They will, I predict, be increasingly abstruse and increasingly polysyllabic. Everybody, if Mr. Kennedy has his way about shooting for the moon, will fe obliged to learn them. The questi remains: What will we do with them after they have been acquired? Just as we may ask ourselves: What will we do with the moon after we have set foot on it?

The Scientists (now so important in our lives that I feel compelled to capitalize the word for them as we capitalize the Deity) have announced that Venus, once just a lovely apparition in the early evening and morning skies, has a prevailing temperature of 800° Fahrenheit, and that its inhabitants, if any, look upward into a smog thicker than any that ever hung over Pittsburgh or Los Angeles. Then came word of their conclusions as to what Mars is like. The sensitive recording instruments dispatched to that planet have revealed that Mars is almost completely a desert, and that if any life exists there, it must be of a very low order. When will man get it through his head that his choice of a celestial speck to inhabit was a very shrewd one, and that in spite of the mayhem he has committed upon his native Earth, it remains the one hospitable world he is likely to encounte Let him, then, redouble his efforts improve it, instead of horsing aroun beyond its stratosphere.

Space? You can have it. In my estimation, it's for the birds. It was theirs in the first place; let them keep it. Man, God bless him, is a primate, who came down out of the trees only to end up riding bumper to bumper on endless ribbons of concrete, strangling himself in city traffic, cooping himself up in oversized boxes built out of steel, concrete, and glass. He seems at the moment to emulate, above all other forms of animal life, the goldfish. Bankers, once the most secretive of men, now build themselves enormous glass-walled bowls in which their questionable activities are laid open to every passer-by. When at home, *Homo sapiens*, as he has conceitedly christened himself, delights in burrowing into a huge steel-framed anthill in which, by current building standards, he is privy to whatever noises are most pleasing to his immediate neighbor. This curious compulsion is in full spate from New York to New Delhi. Men once went traveling to remind themselves that not everybody lives alike· now they venture forth to remir themselves that they have never le home.

What can we do about it? Not much, probably, but we might make a try by using words as weapons. Properly employed, they have within them more force than a hundred-megaton bomb.

For Lucy On The Twelfth Month

By Miller Williams

HERE he comes
still bent against the winds of last October
tasting the air with his lips
like a fish nibbling water
because he is old and forgets
he is not a fish

who said that time would thicken and grow sour
when these rings had held a year together
when the alchemy had spent its power
and gold became the lead it always was.

Round as most round things
and important as death
who built a narrow bed in this strange meadow
when the grass grows brown
till getting up undoes the lying down
when long tongued truth has killed the quiet liar
and this wet war gives way to a dusty peace
ask him in and offer him a glass
let him say the things that he was saying.
Now, for now, go turn the music higher.
Let the long decrease of love
find us playing.

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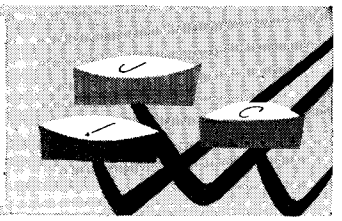
Manner of Speaking



THEODORE ROETHKE: A PASSION AND A MAKER: Theodore Roethke died August 1 of a heart attack at age fifty-five. It seems characteristic of him that he died in a swimming pool, probably breaking some Olympic record in imagination, for Roethke, despite his great bulk (he must have weighed in at about 240), was a compulsive athlete. In his last years his health began to fail and he had particular difficulty with his legs. And still it would be in a pool, in the course of driving his great body to one more physical day, that he would fail. It seems the sort of exit he might himself have chosen.

With or without choice, his death took from American poetry one of its most impassioned voices, and from all who knew him an unforgettable friend.

I first read Roethke in 1936. He was a good friend of my then teacher, John Holmes, and had taught with at Lafayette College. His letters to nes contained drafts of poems, and poems were appearing at regular intervals in the magazines. These early poems were finally made into a first volume titled *Open House* and published in 1941. Heaven knows what happened to my copy of it. My impressions of it, nevertheless, remain firm. These poems were pure jewelcraft. Roethke was laboring at cut crystals and exquisite mountings. I never escaped the impression that Roethke was going to school to that other huge man, Ben Jonson, and that the delicacy of the poems (as with Jonson) was somehow a denial and a refusal of the maker's physical grossness.

In the twelve years to his second book (*The Waking*, 1953) Roethke learned how to make a grace out of what his earlier poems had refused to look at. The rank, wet, gross riot of life, the mildewed and scummy decay of damp roots that yet give forth the possible flower, obsessed him, and it was his gift to make obsession into a language and a cadence that seem surely to be everlasting.

Roethke was born in Saginaw, Michi- of Prussian parents. His father ted a greenhouse in Saginaw, and thke must have toddled his first days below the level of the forcing tables, his eyes at root level, his imagination already at Mother mildew. That riot of roots, slugs, worms, mildew, warm, and wet, was to become an obsessive imagery. It was the riot of life forming as if from death, the horror under the pale flower.

The horror-and-fascination was inevitably fused with his fear of his father. Even in his playful moods Papa was a source of pain. "My Papa's Waltz" is certainly one of the most quietly terrifying poems in the American language. Father and Mother became one polarity of his imagery, and somehow corresponding to them death and life, and summer and winter. In the poems it is always the father who is the life-terror-summer image and always the mother who is death-calm-winter. Yet a few years back, during a boozy evening in Seattle, Roethke told me, still obviously moved by it, the story of a brutal fist fight from which he dragged himself home bruised and bleeding, and how it was his mother who refused to let him into the house, ordering him to go back and thrash the boy who had just thrashed him.

Small wonder, perhaps, that he became so obsessive a man and that in his adult years he was subject to periodic nervous breakdowns. It must have been as some sort of rebellion that he took to idolizing the rum-runners and racketeers who operated out of Saginaw in those days. He took in fact, to both rum and the rum-runners, and seemed willing to go to any length to cultivate a drunken evening with a gangster.

In 1953 Roethke married the charming Beatrice O'Connel in New York City. I was living in Boston at the time. A few hours before his wedding my phone rang and a voice from the top of euphoria announced that it was everybody's bull-roaring Uncle Ted calling and that I was under immediate orders to round up all the boys in the Boston syndicate and to fly down to New York for the wedding and a skinful of hooch. I don't think I ever entirely persuaded him that I knew no one in the Boston syndicate. He was sure that I was of the Mafia born. I was working with Twayne Publishers at the time and we had just published a *Dictionary of American Underworld Lingo*. We had a party of our own scheduled for that night and I was finally allowed to beg off, but only on condition that I send him a copy of our new dictionary as a wedding present.

But it was his physicality that was his enduring compulsion. He played tennis like a bull elephant on the base lines and could not bear a defeat. Even at croquet his passion ran rank. For a while we were in residence together at Yaddo and he insisted that I play the dub to his expert game. It was so obviously a lost cause for me that I was down to pure desperation shots. As luck would have it, I managed to put two together at the end, to make an impossible wicket, and then to hit his ball from across the court, not only to hit it but to bounce into exact position to play out with my eyes shut. Instantly I heard a roar and looked up to see his mallet fly into a pine top as he stomped off the court. Then, an hour later, he knocked at my door with a bottle of Armagnac, glasses, and a sheepish smile. The rest of that night I spent talking to the sweetest and gentlest man I have ever known.

It was Roethke's triumph as a poet to bring this compulsive spirit to form without denying the existence either of the rank root or of the flower. He transmuted the gross, mad, and frightening into pure song. He took his passions, like ours but wilder, into a riot of love and fear, and summoned them to spirit. He absorbed many influences in his time, particularly the word torrents of Dylan Thomas and the percussions of Yeats. But the influence that first moved him from the early jewel lyrics to a summoning of power was certainly the Elizabethan "rant" (as in Lear's mad speeches).

The weeds whined.
The snakes cried.
The cows and briars
Said to me: Die.

What a small song. What slow clouds.
What dark water.
Hath the raine a father? All the caves
are ice. Only the snow's here.
I'm cold. I'm cold all over. Rub me in
father and mother.
Fear was my father, Father Fear.
His look drained the stones.

This is poetry as a medicine man's dance is poetry. The therapy by incantation. Roethke literally danced himself back from the edge of madness. And as love must intend realities, it was real passions he danced. Those who like to confuse the beautiful and the pretty will be repelled by much of Roethke's magic. His poems do not tinkle, they sear. But they are, too, the real praises and terrors of a man who dared the totals of his life, and of an artist who could shape and sing his passions. His art was to make that spirit dance forth in cadences like no other, and in images that speak an instant authority. —JOHN CIARDI.

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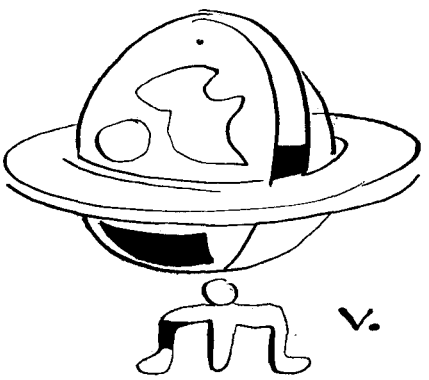
Getting Close to Home

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Elmo Roper, author of this week's editorial and an SR Editor-at-Large, is senior partner of Elmo Roper and Associates, marketing research specialists.*

EACH NEW step toward Negro integration brings us closer to the heart of the issue. When prejudice is a matter of faraway brutalities committed by outright bigots, it is an easy thing to be against. When civil rights are a matter of participating in functions open to every adult in a democracy—for example, voting, or institutions open to every child like the public schools—they are easy to be for. But the real issue, for Northerners, for liberals, for educated people, must be faced much closer to home.

The external barriers to racial equality are clear cut and concrete; they can be assaulted by clear-cut, concrete methods: by group action, litigation, legislation, and the exertion of government power. There is no question that such methods have accomplished a great deal. Fair employment laws, for example, have brought about breakthroughs in job discrimination—and not always in the way one might expect. They have, of course, been extremely useful as prods to employers who preferred to continue discriminating. But they have been equally useful to employers who wished to stop discriminating, but who were warned by their foremen or their union that there would be trouble in the labor ranks if they did. Opponents of the legalistic approach to integration usually argue that force can't change the hearts of men. What they forget is that most men's hearts respond rather pallidly to many issues. When apathy prevails, law can be a most effective lever. In addition, for those whose feelings go counter to segregationist opinion, the law can provide a welcome opportunity to challenge that opinion.

But basically, of course, they are right; force can't change the hearts of men, and in the final analysis, that is where the issue lies. As the external barriers fall, the internal barriers are the more nakedly revealed. We approach the ultimate question: Can whites accept Negroes as full social equals? What do we do—how do we behave—when they move in next door? Such answers as we have to the second question are not very heartening. In 1957 the Connecticut Civil Rights Commission made a study of racial integration in private residential neighborhoods in Connecticut. Whites living in integrated neighborhoods were asked whether, when Negro families mov in, anything was said or done in neighborhood with the idea of keeping the Negro family out. Half of the whites said "yes." And keep in mind that this question was asked only of the whites who stayed; those who got out might have presented an even more negative picture. On other questions, the survey showed a fair amount of acceptance of the *idea* of social contact between the races. But when whites were asked how often they talked with their Negro neighbors, 60 per cent said "seldom" or "never."



Here is the whole sad picture of selective attitudes toward integration, from a 1961 survey, also made in Connecticut, a state long renowned—with considerable justice—as liberal, as dedicated to civil rights and to the precepts of equality:

Those favoring racial integration in:	*Per Cent*
Public schools	70
Employment	68
Churches	67
Restaurants	56
Swimming pools and beaches	43
Public housing projects	3[illegible]
Social clubs and lodges	3[illegible]
Social parties	28
Private residential neighborhoods	28

The downward curve of acceptance from public schools to private neighborhoods might have been predicted by any social scientist. It is, sociologically speaking, "normal." But what it makes clear beyond any doubt is that the difference between Southerners and Northerners is not that Southerners are prejudiced and Northerners are not, but simply that Northern prejudice has withdrawn from the public areas to the more private areas of life.

Is this because Negroes are not, in fact, the social equals of whites? This question must be raised and faced. Obviously, if we mean by social development all the fruits of a kindly and generous environment, which include a decent standard of living, family stability, and, above all, a proper education, a larger percentage of Negroes than whites are socially underdeveloped. (There is, of course, another kind of human development that comes through suffering and deprivati Negroes have had more opportun than whites to develop the tragic sense of life.) But to use the fact of underdevelopment to justify the discrimination that brought about the fact is to involve us in a self-perpetuating cycle

(*Continued on page* 47)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ARATE TABLES?

Mrs. Jean Comings [*SR*, July 6] and an indignant "Name Withheld" sympathizer from Minneapolis [*SR*, Aug. 3] both describe what they call a tragic feature of their married lives: when they dine out with their husbands, there is just no conversation. And it is all the men's fault! There they sit, the big boobies, interested only in the menu, with not a word to say about art, literature, or music. Presumably they pay the bill and tip the waiter, and there is probably a car waiting in the parking lot, but what are such mundane comforts to a wife who is starving for intellectual sustenance? . . .

Well-read and well-educated as these ladies indubitably are, they have missed a literary work that goes to the heart of their tragedy and will ameliorate it or even dispel it entirely: Jean Kerr's essay "How to Talk to a Man" in her book *The Snake Has All the Lines*. . . . The solution? Miss Kerr got it from another couple she knows. The wife who is being wined and dined tells her husband the story of *The Three Bears*, a narrative which, says Mrs. Kerr, "is admirable for the purpose because of its many rising inflections. And he helps out by occasionally interjecting a remark like: 'By George, you mean she ate every last bite of the baby bear's porridge?'

"Do try it sometime," urges Mrs. Kerr. "Anybody overhearing you will conclude that you are discussing a new television spectacular—either that or you're both a little dotty. If you should be concerned about this aspect of the matter, you can always drop in a covering remark like: 'Red Buttons—*there's* your Baby Bear!' "

Helen M. Roth.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

"Name Withheld's" letter from Minneapolis read like a featured article in *True Confessions*. That writer's generalizations concerning the male animal struck me as either the initial stirrings of a potential divorce or the menopausal-inspired utterances of a compulsive dilettante. Statements that "men tend to put a dollar sign on education," or "feel capacity to produce in the material sense . . . is the end of education" are certainly so broad and sweeping that one must question the motives of the writer.

I have enough of the "male ego" in me to want to go to bat for the writer's husband. With specific reference to the complaint that her husband "is bored with an evening of theatre," it may be that Mrs. Name Withheld has confused complete fatigue with boredom. The poor man must constantly bone tired trying to provide funds to support his wife's intellectual renaissance. . . .

Robert B. Weaver.

Leipsic, O.

Why does Mrs. Name Withheld, who criticizes her husband, go to all those plays and read all those books? She apparently hasn't learned anything from them about the nature of man. The problem she describes is as old as literature itself, and more than one play and book has delineated its solution explicitly. . . . Let her read the literary record carefully for full awareness of the penalty that must be paid by those who stray too far afield and never make it safely home. . . .

Name Also Withheld.

Rochester, N.Y.

Let's be honest, Name Withheld. Your husband reads the *Wall Street Journal*, doesn't he? Do you know what you could discuss across a table-for-two out of just one issue of that versatile newspaper? . . . I'm ashamed to say I would fall flat on my face trying to discuss most of these subjects with my husband. Your local paper is not such a slouch, either, at covering the important developments of our world. Do you read it as thoroughly as he does? So you like the symphony and ballet. Does your husband have to? I say he doesn't. If you can't get him to sit beside you at the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre, why don't you take your new book club selection along on his precious fishing trip? The outdoor air might clear your mind on the difference between "culture" and "education."

Mrs. Margaret Shipley.

Boulder, Col.

The disillusioned housewife who bitterly describes her culture-careless husband should be informed that all male egos are not unaware of women's intellectual qualities and/or their ability to inspire and appreciate beauty, knowledge, and the affairs of the world. Goethe wrote: "The eternal feminine draws us upward." Shakespeare was even more specific: "Women are the books, the arts, the academies, that show, contain, and nourish all the world."

Is it possible that the men and boys of this country are being intellectually short-changed by the lack of depth in the public school curriculum; the emphasis on sports and Little League in the elementary school years; the vocational emphasis in higher education for males; the continued emulation of the he-man hero—the cowboy and the sheriff—rather than the poet and scholar; and the lack of time during the career portion of the lives for men to make up—as women can do—the lost educational time of their youth?

Mrs. Salley P. Hansen.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Name Withheld is all wet, so far as I can see! Her mention of the "male ego" is such an obvious indication of her own ego, it makes me laugh. She should thank her lucky stars for her husband's "put a dollar sign on education" attitude. How else could she afford the lectures, ballet, and symphony? . . . And since she wonders how many women feel as she does, here is one that appreciates her man as he is: a loving husband and father. . . .

Alice Braunstein.

Kingston, N.Y.

I am certain that our female writer is also conversant with the type of woman college graduate who regards with scorn any cultural or recreational pursuit that does not concentrate on Bach, poetry, or Shakespeare. To my way of thinking, fishing, daily perusal of newspapers, and spectator

(*continued on page 48*)

Through History with J. Wesley Smith
"Mark my words—they won't stop at two percent. Someday you'll pay FIVE percent income tax!"

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400 Minus 1

SAN FRANCISCO.

THE RISING tide of cultural conscience is, for the present moment at least, nowhere stronger than on the West Coast. Seattle has guaranteed director Stuart Vaughn three years of a professional resident company that will undoubtedly become a permanent fixture there. San Francisco's Actor's Workshop, which has valiantly suffered through too many years of sharing rented premises, is about to acquire a theatre of its own. In Los Angeles The Theatre Group has become a solvent independent producing organization without financial aid from UCLA, to which it is loosely attached through overlapping board members. And Professor Virgil K. Whitaker has just announced that next summer Stanford University will celebrate Shakespeare's 400th by converting its Frost Memorial Amphitheater into an open-air replica of Shakespeare's Globe Theatre. In this theatre will be offered at least ten productions mounted by the West Coast's three best-established theatre organizations. The Oregon Shakespeare Festival Company will open the festival on June 23 with three rounds of *Henry VI, Part 1*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Twelfth Night*, and *King Lear*. Then San Diego's National Shakespeare Festival Company will present three plays (tentatively *Macbeth, Much Ado About Nothing*, and *King Lear*) with one of these plays a deliberate repetition in order to offer a comparison in style and conception between the two companies. And finally, San Francisco's Actor's Workshop will bring in its production of *The White Devil* plus two other plays by Shakespeare's contemporaries.

This ambitious project, made possible by a gift from Stanford alumnus Joseph McMicking, will also include special loan exhibits of Elizabethan art, and a concentration of summer school courses in Elizabethan history, drama, and music; several major specialists in these fields will be added to the faculty. While this festival certainly will constitute a unique cultural interchange for students and scholars, its major benefit to theatregoers is that it will offer San Franciscans and visitors a convenient opportunity to sample and compare the work of three West Coast companies that are widely separated in both geographical location and artistic approach.

For a drama critic who has seen several past productions of each of these groups, this event is keenly anticipated because the difference between the results of each is erratic and hard to define. The current season at Ashland, Oregon, and at San Diego is a case in point. At Ashland the top 1963 achievement is a *Henry V* that is in some ways more successful than the current highly praised presentation at Stratford, Connecticut. For although the semiprofessional Oregon company is less experienced and generally less talented than Connecticut's fine troupe, it has a most arresting young actor in Stacy Keach, who plays Henry, and a clear and nicely effective conception of the play by director Jerry Turner.

Mr. Keach offers us a King Henry continually preoccupied with his immediate personal task of converting himself from the weak and dissolute figure his past has led everyone to believe he would be, into a stern and divinely inspired leader of his country. Happily, Mr. Keach's Henry is impatient with regal formality, and dares to take time with his responses. For instance, when presented with the Dauphin's insulting gift of tennis balls, he picks up one of the balls and allows not only his full resentment but also his new determination to well up inside him before he speaks. He generates a similar considered passion in the scene with the treacherous lords so that we believe the condemned traitors when they exult that their king in condemning them has proven himself to be the strong man they had not thought him to be.

Mr. Keach has less felicitous moments. He, as do many in this company, occasionally strikes distracting and unconvincing poses when others are speaking. As yet he finds it difficult to sustain force and variety in a long speech. And in the wooing scene he alternates between an embarrassment at his own awkwardness in courting that is quite amusing, and a slight tendency to rush his comic lines. Yet these are all flaws in technique and easily correctible. The important thing is that Mr. Keach's concentration and emotional control make this *Henry V* constantly compelling.

MR. KEACH'S volatile Mercutio in *Romeo and Juliet* is also admirably commanding, but sometimes the young actor works a little too hard at it so that the character seems a compulsive show-off. The rest of the production suffers, as do many here, from the demands imposed by this deep and wide outdoor theatre, which lead to an emphasis on the colorfulness of the characters and puts a premium on the large emotion that justifies loud expression, with a corresponding decrease in subtlety. Thus Elizabeth Huddle's much overstated humor as the nurse and Marian Hailey (making an interesting switch from playing the horse-girl prostitute in the Actor's Workshop's boldly sexy production of *The Balcony*) plays Juliet all in one emotional key. Similarly, Richard Sterne appears as a pale and melancholy Romeo who responds with an equal fervor to all provocations.

The third Ashland production (the four-play repertoire also includes a reportedly visually attractive *Love's Labors Lost*) is a fairly effective and straightforward presentation of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Since this play was devised as a sort of character parade, it is better suited to this theatre's approach. Robert Benson's Falstaff is funniest when he assumes an elegance that lifts the role to its proper witty and quixotic level. And the rest of the cast perform the play's sillinesses with competence and good humor.

At San Diego, where the theatre is smaller and more intimate and where the company is headed by a number of experienced professionals, the season must also be rated as above average. Most ambitious of the three productions in Balboa Park is *Antony & Cleopatra*, directed by Allen Fletcher, with Louis Edmonds and Jacqueline Brookes in the title roles. Although Mr. Edmonds seems to lack the emotional vulnerability of a man who can thrive

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only in excessive situations of love, war, and politics, he does perform with sure intelligence. And Miss Brookes her best moments shows us Cleopatra's wanton gypsy lust as it dominates and infects her. She is also quite beautiful in her final scene when she undergoes a purification in retrospect of what at the time it occurred was a corrupting selfish love affair. However, the actress has not completely avoided the danger of embracing emotional lines unrestrainedly; so that we do not always see Cleopatra's inner conflict between a demonic drive to possess Antony and her genuine remorse about the catastrophes her selfishness causes. Stephen Joyce is a superb Enobarbus, particularly in the earlier scenes and in his description of Cleopatra to the Roman generals in which he unforcedly allows the rich remembered image to conjure up words that can only half tell what we see in his mind's eye.

Ellis Rabb's staging of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* makes its greatest appeal to the eye's eye with children frolicking about as fairies, with Mr. Edmonds and Mr. Joyce as fig-leaf clad Oberon and Puck, and with Susan Willis setting a sophisticated tone as Titania. The Athenian lovers are played engagingly by D. J. Sullivan, Constance both, Scott Thomas, and Miss Brookes. The latter is highly amusing as a Helena so perplexed at suddenly finding herself courted that she pays no attention to Lysander and Demetrius as they ardently manhandle her. The country mechanicals, headed by Ed Flanders as Bottom, seem a bit studied in their eccentricities, although the audience is thoroughly convulsed with their performance of *Pyramus and Thisbe*.

Duncan Ross has directed the first half of *A Winter's Tale* with fine dramatic fury. Mr. Joyce plays Leontes so well that we almost feel he must be right in his suspicions of his wife's infidelity. Miss Brookes's Hermione demonstrates beautifully how too passionate an innocence can get you into the worst trouble. And Miss Willis's fiery Paulina is as unstoppable as a suffragette. But when the play leaves the dark court of Sicilia for the merry pastoral life of Bohemia, the stage foolery turns into tedious interlude, and the ending back in Sicilia only partly recaptures the intense mood of the first act.

While the San Diego festival has obvious advantages over Oregon's, it will be interesting to see what happens next summer when they both play in the same physical plant and San Diego matches its more experienced actors against Ashland's young blood.

—Henry Hewes.

TV AND RADIO

Television Research Uninhibited

MASS communications is the youngest member of the comparatively new behavioral sciences, and to many hard-headed empiricists it is a mystique, not a science. But it's great fun, a cross between a quiz show and a suspense yarn that has no end.

"It may well be said that the proper study of mass communications is the study of Man." So say Leon Arons and Mark A. May, editors of *Television and Human Behavior—Tomorrow's Research in Mass Communication* (Appleton-Century-Crofts, New York). They're probably right: the fascination inherent in both is composed of complexity, paradox, and uncertainty. For television viewers with a taste for such a dish I recommend the book as a lively relief from the late summer doldrums of what will go down in television history as the Great Residual Rerun Summer. In 1960, the Television Bureau of Advertising, a nonprofit industry group announced a competition for exceptional plans in the field of television research. The purpose was to excite the imagination of anyone interested in designing research projects to measure television's impact on human behavior.

A total of 147 entries was received, mostly from university people. Of these 130 met the entry specifications, and a governing committee of top research men in the field chose eighteen of the entries for publication in a book; two won special money prizes. *Television and Human Behavior* was published recently, and it's *always* difficult to read, particularly when the project planners are describing their methodology. The reader will find much that is stimulating and provocative, however, if he persists through the muddiest of the jargon.

The theme song of the book, not surprisingly, is that never was so little known precisely about so much as in the matter of television's effects upon people. You can't isolate and control all the variables—so how can you really be sure? But this is hardly a ticket to the status quo for an industry serving harmless pleasures for hard-working people. There is a great deal that the researchers want very much to know, and frequently their urgency is motivated not only by their professional curiosity but by their very real concern that under the comfort of "no definite proof" much harm is done.

The researchers want to know whether the setting (the place where you watch the small screen) is a crucial factor in its impact. They would like to study the effects of TV beyond the primary audience to secondary audiences. Television's hecklers are always piping about the need for "better" programs; we've had in the past all kinds of research in television, mostly tuned to the marketing curiosities of the advertisers. The plans in *Television and Human Behavior* are blue-sky projects in which the social scientists seek to satisfy their uninhibited professional questions. Hilde T. Himmelweit, eminent British social psychologist and director of the important 1958 study *Television and the Child*, submits a plan for determining whether or not schools can actually give guidance to children and "elevate their tastes" in television viewing.

One television researcher in Australia has challenged "the entertainment myth" that is the basis of commercial broadcasting. The hypothesis he wishes to test is that people seek out television entertainment for intensely serious purposes—to help handle inner conflicts arising from family tensions. To this research-designer television is used as a modern substitute for religion. He points out that in a Sydney experiment the "social interaction of children dropped 47 per cent after they were exposed to television with a marked increase of veiled hostility against the parents." The plan that won the first prize in the competition outlines a most comprehensive design for actually testing the relationship of television and delinquency. The second prize plan—winner wants to test the effects on babies in cribs watching TV monitors projecting images of their parents, toys, and environments (Big Mother?)

The question is—now that the plans have been published—will anyone finance them? Long-term, comprehensive, imaginative research is the biggest need in television. The industry has shied away from big designs, asserting it would have to be sure they were truly representative. But one has to begin somewhere. The TBA's competition has come up with eighteen excellent beginners. There must be some way in a free enterprise economy of getting this kind of thing done at last.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

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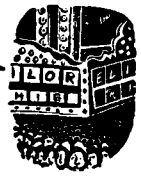

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Big Novel Syndrome

THE POSITION of the screen writer in Hollywood today is, to use the most charitable word, equivocal. Desperately hungry for the kind of status and recognition enjoyed by playwrights and novelists, he feels that the writer is motion picture's forgotten man. The script, he argues, is the basis for the entire production; without it there is nothing. And he speaks of the essential creativity of the screen writer's function.

Even so—and most screen writers are keenly aware of this—over their typewriters there looms a shadow, the shadow of the playwright or novelist who wrote the original works from which their screenplays are derived. Characters, situations, story line have all been handed to them to reshape into a form suitable for the microphones and camera. Like it or not, they are in the unenviable position of being known as adaptors, not originators.

Nor is the fault entirely their own. If they want to work in the studios, they must write the kind of films that the producers demand. Unfortunately, the American industry has a long history of not trusting its own resources. The "original," the script written directly for the screen, has no past triumphs to recommend it. It did not play on Broadway for an entire season, nor did it make the *Times*'s best-seller list. If it is filmed at all, it is promptly relegated to the lowest budget category. Indeed, for economic reasons, many writers prefer to send their "originals" into the world in the form of plays or novels. If successful, they can then be sold to the studios at the vastly inflated figures such properties now command.

Enhancing this sense of creeping inferiority is the influx of films from abroad that are "original" in both senses of the word. Often, as with Bergman and Fellini, the writer is also the director; more often, the director has surrounded himself with a small covey of writers, and in collaboration they have created with the specific needs and capabilities of the screen always in mind. Films like *Wild Strawberries*, *Hiroshima, Mon Amour* and *8½* rise above their contemporaries not only because they make fresh statements on the screen, but because those statements have been rendered in images uniquely conceived for the medium.

Even here, however, as many of our better screen writers are quick to point out, the gap may be largely a matter of semantics. Today, with both our films and our best-selling novels growing longer, the problem of making an adaptation may well be solved by creating an "original." Ernest Lehman, whose Hollywood reputation is based on his skilled reshaping of novels, plays and musicals, hotly argues that when this is done properly, the result is an entirely new work—as in his script for *The Prize*, carved from Irving Wallace's 761-page novel. Paul Newman, who stars in it, has described it as "a sort of mystery comedy," an appraisal yet to be applied to Wallace's book.

Lehman, a fastidious craftsman, spent two years on the preparation of his screenplay, which is a considerably longer time than Wallace gave to the actual writing of the book. James Michener's monumental *Hawaii* eventually defeated veteran writer Daniel Taradash, whose script for *From Here to Eternity* is a very model of adaptation; and Dalton Trumbo, who succeeded him, took well over a year to produce simply a satisfactory first

draft. For *The Greatest Story Ever Told*, now four years in the making, three of those years and an untold number of writers (including Carl Sandburg)—went into the creation of a script.

And yet such is the attraction of a best-seller list that the studios would rather pay $500,000 for the rights to these unwieldly, even unfilmable books than pay a fraction of that for an "original"—with the further irony that, once they have bought the book, they must immediately sink hundreds of thousands more into the preparation of a screenplay that might well have to be an "original" in the end. Or, failing that, they scrap the project completely as MGM did last year with Romain Gary's *Lady L* for a flat loss of over $2,000,000.

Producers maintain that in the Hollywood setup of today, the big novel syndrome makes sense. With it they can attract a top cast, a top director, top money. The acquisition of a big novel brings with it status and prestige; without it, the producer's struggles are greater and his budgets smaller. And so the studios continue to comb the literary marts, willing to pay well for the filmable play or novel, willing to pay far more for the smash hit or the best-seller *regardless of filmability*. That's why they have writers, and why writers have analysts.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

CAN YOU PRONOUNCE HTH?

HTH is an unusual consonantal combination, but C. T. Robinson of Weston, Connecticut, has come up with a cluster of words that contain it. The words are skeletonized below. Please put some flesh on the bones. If baffled, see page 46.

1. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ HTH ___ ___	aborigine
2. ___ ___ ___ HTH ___	octaves
3. ___ ___ ___ HTH ___ ___ ___ ___	tracheal disease
4. ___ ___ ___ HTH ___	petroleum
5. ___ HTH ___ ___ ___ ___ ___	relating to underworld spirits
6. ___ ___ ___ HTH ___ ___ ___	speech sound of changing vowels
7. ___ HTH ___ ___ ___ ___	consumption
8. ___ ___ ___ HTH ___ ___ ___	goatsucker
9. ___ ___ ___ HTH ___	judge in Israel, 1200 B.C.
10. ___ ___ ___ HTH ___ ___ ___ ___	pharos
11. ___ ___ HTH ___ ___ ___	distinctly fishy
12. ___ ___ ___ HTH ___ ___ ___ ___ ___	dextral
13. ___ ___ HTH ___ ___ ___ ___ ___	conjunctivitis
14. ___ ___ ___ ___ HTH ___ ___ ___	sententious aphorism
15. ___ ___ ___ ___ HTH ___ ___ ___	chivalry

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

What to Be After Poughkeepsie

MARY McCARTHY has a strange position in the contemporary literary scene. No one argues that she is either a great novelist or a great critic, but she is somehow surrounded by an aura of eminence. She is the highbrows' highbrow, and so she gets to be the lowbrows' highbrow, too. She appears on television, and fancy deals are made for paperback editions of her books. She has built her vn reputation in part on the ruins of reputations she has destroyed.

This is an ungracious introduction to the statement that Miss McCarthy's new novel, *The Group* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $5.95), is in many ways an admirable piece of fiction and the best book she has written. What Miss McCarthy had in mind she stated clearly in an interview in the *Paris Review* that was reprinted in the second volume of *Writers at Work* (*SR*, May 18):

> It's called *The Group*, and it's about eight Vassar girls. It starts with the inauguration of Roosevelt, and—well at first it was going to carry them up to the present time, but then I decided to stop at the inauguration of Eisenhower. It was conceived as a kind of mock-chronicle novel. It's a novel about the idea of progress, really. The idea of progress seen in the female sphere, the feminine sphere. You know, home economics, architecture, domestic technology, contraception, child-bearing; the study of technology in the home, in the play-pen, in the bed. It's supposed to be the history of the loss of faith in progress, in the idea of progress, during that twenty-year period.

The novel as published covers not venty years but seven, and it seems to me not so much a novel about the loss of faith in the idea of progress as it is a novel about the attrition wrought by time. The eight Vassar girls, most of them from families of some wealth and social position, are graduated in 1933, into the world of the Depression, and even if they escape the worst of its effects they are influenced by it. Much more important, however, for them is the problem of sexual adjustment, which Miss McCarthy explores at length and in depth. She really did not need to carry on the story for twenty years; after seven years the patterns are recognizable.

To her interviewer Miss McCarthy said, "I have tried to keep myself out of this book," and she has been remarkably successful. In *The Company She Keeps*, *The Groves of Academe*, and *A Charmed Life*, one feels the presence of the author, and feels it sometimes with annoyance. In *The Group* Miss McCarthy, far from feeling obliged to demonstrate her superiority to the people she is describing, is purely an observer.

As we see the girls at first, fresh from college, they are still full of confidence. They are going to conquer the world as easily as they have conquered Vassar. They are going to avoid their parents' mistakes. They are going to build a rich and successful life.

At the end of seven years most of them are considerably chastened. One has had a completely unsuccessful marriage. Two have had disastrous affairs. One has turned out to be a Lesbian. One has grown mean-spirited in the pursuit of her career. We have followed them through a great variety of experiences, with husbands and lovers, with children, with jobs. Some are considerably happier than others,

but none has much ground for complacence.

As a social historian, Miss McCarthy has a good eye and a good memory. Again and again, without any of the heavy documentation employed by John O'Hara, she catches the spirit of a time and a place. There is, for instance, an account, both touching and funny, of the miseries of a woman who is determined, as a matter of theory, to breast-feed her baby. The same woman, who brings up her child according to the strictest rules and on the most rigid schedule, later encounters, with comic effect, an ex-roommate who is a pioneer of permissiveness. One of the girls has a father who becomes a Trotskyite. There is a lover who is bogged down in psychoanalysis. And so, mostly lightly, Miss McCarthy touches on the foibles of the period.

It is not easy to deal with eight

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On Crying for the Moon

By EMILE CAPOUYA

TAKE the moon. For a long time it was a person. "With how sad steps, O Moon," Philip Sidney complained. He might have been more gracious, for the moon treated us as if we were royalty, never turning its back. And then powerful glasses were trained upon it, resolving its features to landmarks, making it the object of a kind of celestial Coast and Geodetic Survey. Now, at last—what a relief!—it is about to become real estate. The governments of the world are moonstruck.

The governments of the world are code names for you and me, my fellow intellectuals. That doesn't make them more estimable or amiable, alas, but it does make them more understandable. What do they see in the moon? Something we haven't been able to smutch yet? Of course, and that alone would make it mighty tempting. But more important, the moon is the first term of a series that may well be infinite. After the moon, there are the other planets of the solar system, all very desirable locations, and when we have got *them* properly organized, there are still the fixed stars. Traveling at the speed of light, it will take donkey's years to reach the nearest one. Time enough for earnest political or propaganda promises to be forgotten—or even accomplished.

"Don't look at me, I just work here," say the government chiefs. "The heads of the firm are Science, Progress, Men's Eternal Quest for Real Estate. They make all the policy decisions. Pardon us for living," they say together. Do you recognize, despite the code names, our very self and voice?

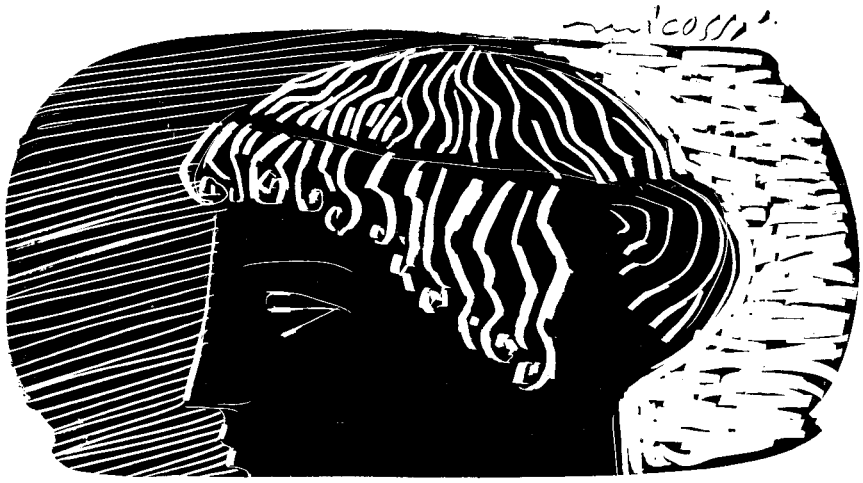
What are the intellectuals? Nothing. Or Destiny's journeymen, which is again nothing. What should they be? Free men. Presidents, premiers, those who read the *Saturday Review,* those who write for it, are the conscious guardians of the human spirit. What if they, what if we, lose consciousness, resign to Science, Progress, Impersonal Market Forces, Games Theory, and Operations Research the essentially religious work of cherishing the human spirit? Well, we know what. If we do that we become—what we have become. Employees of Henry Miller's Cosmodemonic Telegraph Company. And any connection between our state and that of free men is purely illusory.

"Who died and left you boss?" says a democrat in the gallery. Fair enough. I asked myself that question before I undertook to hector my readers in this way. What decided me was the memory of the times I attended, with my fellow intellectuals, the annual fête of the National Book Awards, and heard the laureled poets, biographers, historians, and scientists flatter their audience like schoolboys at a prize-giving. In this best of all possible worlds, they said, you have shown the best possible judgment in choosing us to bestow your awards upon. And the world they meant was the one we are all familiar with, the world in which religion is a lie, literature a crossword puzzle, and politics pure murder. I resolved then that if ever I had such an audience I would tell them the most important thing I know, even if it meant that I would not be invited to address them again.

I have such an audience in you. The most important thing I know is that we have all but killed the spirit, and now we are about to kill the body too. In these murders, the responsibility of the intellectuals is patent: no large-scale killing is feasible without the active collaboration of the educated classes.

I marvel that we are willing to collaborate in a way of life that is manifestly a way of dying—at best, by inches, through long vexation of spirit, and at worst by murdering the earth. It must be that we think there is no alternative. There is. It begins with our resigning from the enterprise of destruction, constituting ourselves a body apart from the body of this death learning little by little to substitute gifts of love for exchanges of money. To start right here, I must remind you of something that the inveterate disinterestedness of the spirit tends always to push into the background—that I am writing these words in the expectation of being paid, and that you expect to pay me. There is no direct proof that the words would be better if I wrote them for love and not for money. But I would be a better man in that case, and you would be in a better disposition to consider what I might say. We hold it shameful to buy or sell love. Is it less shameful for me to offer for sale and you to buy a passionate thought?

Like other men, we intellectuals need, in order to subsist, food, clothing, shelter, and discourse. These things we should exchange as friends, not as dealers in a market. When we are on our way to that political, economic, and social order in which we exchange our thoughts as gifts rather than as commodities, we shall see better how to carry on our peculiar work of recruiting and refining the spirit. Until that time, the intellectual who is not a revolutionary—revolte first of all by himself, and in revo. against that self and the world it creates—is a moral defective. He is a lay-figure in a world governed by lay-figures, where ignorant astronauts fly by night.



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Ambush on the Styx

The American Way of Death, *by Jessica Mitford (Simon & Schuster. 333 pp. $4.95), reveals how the pressures and maneuvers of the funeral industry are compelling more and more people to die beyond their means. David Cort's recent books include the novel "The Minstrel Boy" and an essay collection, "Social Astonishments."*

By DAVID CORT

ONE SHOULD certainly pass this book by if one's whole family is immortal. Otherwise, it is the most exhaustive, documented, appendixed, and indexed explanation available of the ambush you and your family are inevitably walking into, unless you are lost at sea or vanish in an atomic war.

The undertakers, in short, have got . These dealers in the dead have ound themselves gratifyingly in the center of the unspeakable moment in social life: the dead cannot speak for himself; the survivors do not dare speak for him. Into the silence steps the undertaker, talking smoothly for both. In this rewarding situation, it is not surprising that the U.S. funeral bill for 1,700,000 bodies in 1961 was over two billion dollars, at an average of $1,450 per body, of which $708 went to the "funeral director." This is more than the annual cost of police protection in the U.S.

The funeral director's funeral is, furthermore, a sacrilege against the whole Judaeo-Christian or Western or American tradition; it is a pagan novelty invented by this peculiar "profession" since World War I. It hardly exists in the rest of the Judaeo-Christian world. In America in 1900 the ancestors of the funeral director were the carpenter who made the coffin, and the livery stable owner who rented out the funeral carriages; and the body went quickly into the cemetery.

A death certificate and a bureaucratic death registration are still necessary, te properly. Let us say that you n take the body of your kinsman to your church cemetery plot, dig a hole, and deposit it. The funeral lobby, which is extremely powerful in every state, has so arranged the laws that you will be arrested.

In New York State, as in most states, the funeral lobby has so phrased the law (N.Y. Public Health Law, Article 41, paragraphs 4144, 4145, 4146) that a burial permit can only be issued to a licensed funeral director, not to you. The funeral director has thus made himself a part of the governmental, police, and public health arm, on the grounds that the corpse's family may make an antisocial disposition of it. Notice that the church, the traditional custodian of the dead, has somehow been elbowed out of this section of the Public Health Law.

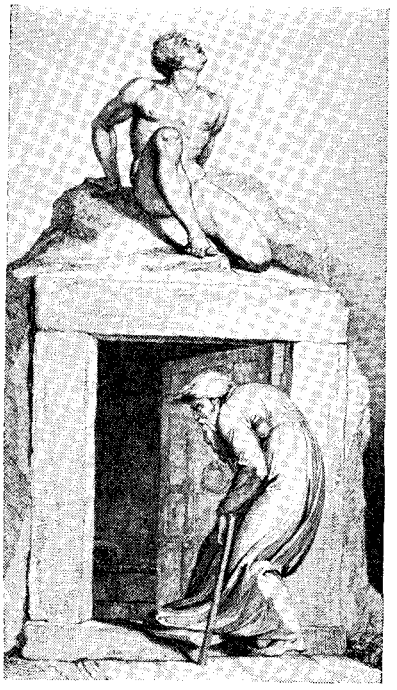
On this legal fulcrum the 25,000 funeral establishments in America today look threateningly across the poor corpse at the cowed survivors and raise the take to $2,000,000,000 a year, by superimposing their own private laws that your kinsman must be embalmed, cosmetized, mechanically primped, dressed and shod, expensively coffined, and exposed to the general view, even if he is to be cremated. Hoist by their legal advantage, they tell the groggy "customers" that they will be breaking the law if they do not buy embalming, coffin, and all the rest of the "services." These statements are customary, and they are lies.

The death benefits under the "welfare state," from trade unions, Social Security, Workmen's Compensation, Veterans Administration, Civil Service, policemen, firemen, and other associations have been nibbled to the bone by the undertakers. Some 1,020 welfare and pension funds in New York paid out $12,000,000 in 1958 in death benefits; a survey discovered that 75 per cent of these marvelous benefits went to the undertakers, who were well informed about them and gauged their funeral bills accordingly, doubtless hoping for far more than 75 per cent. A satirist might say that there goes the welfare state, into the cash register of the funeral director.

But a Catholic magazine, *Jubilee*, has said: "The whole [funeral] industry has been moving steadily beyond the reach of satire." It is not, in fact, a mere farce; it is a convinced enormity, a horror, a pseudocriminal blackmail in which the state conspires under secret pressures.

Jessica Mitford calls out by name

"To teach Men to despise death" was an avowed mission of William Blake. When, in 1805, he was asked to prepare illustrations for Robert Blair's *The Grove*, a popular, fashionably macabre product of contemporary Gothicism, he accepted out of economic necessity; his designs, reproduced in *Blake's Grave: A Prophetic Book* (Brown Univ. Press, $6), with commentary by S. Foster Damon, were contemptuously at variance with the text, whose reveling in images of physical putrefaction and spiritual torment represented all that Blake abhorred.



"Death's Door."

"The Reunion of the Soul and the Body."

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A FUNERAL is not an occasion for a display of cheapness. It is, in fact, an opportunity for the display of a status symbol which, by bolstering family pride, does much to assuage grief. A funeral is also an occasion when feelings of guilt and remorse are satisfied to a large extent by the purchase of a fine funeral. It seems highly probable that the most satisfactory funeral service for the average family is one in which the cost has necessitated some degree of sacrifice. This permits the survivors to atone for any real or fancied neglect of the deceased prior to his death. . . .

—*National Funeral Service Journal*, August 1961.

A FUNERAL is a social function at which the deceased is the guest of honor and the center of attraction. . . . A poorly prepared body in a beautiful casket is just as incongruous as a young lady appearing at a party in a costly gown and with her hair in curlers.

—Frederick and Strub, *The Principles and Practices of Embalming.*

"THE NO. 280 reflects character and station in life. It is superb in styling and provides a formal reflection of successful living." This is quoted from the catalogue of Practical Burial Footwear of Columbus, Ohio, and refers to the Fit-A-Fut Oxford, which comes in patent, calf, tan, or oxblood with lace or goring back. The same firm carries the Ko-Zee, with its "soft cushioned soles and warm, luxurious slipper comfort, but true shoe smartness." Just what practical use is made of this footwear is spelled out. Burial footwear demonstrates "consideration and thoughtfulness for the departed." The closed portion of the casket is opened for the family, who on looking see that "the ensemble is complete although not showing. You will gain their complete confidence and good will." The women's lingerie department of Practical Burial Footwear supplies a deluxe package, in black patent box with gold-embossed inscription, of "pantee, vestee" and nylon hose, "strikingly smart—ultimate in distinction." Also for the ladies is the "new Braform, Post Mortem Form Restoration," offered by Courtesy Products at the demonstrably low price of $11 for a package of 50—they "accomplish so much for so little."

—All quotations from *The American Way of Death.*

all the components of the funeral lobby: funeral directors, crematoria, commercial cemeteries, florists, casketmakers, cosmeticians, vault-makers, and even the funeral garment industry. Crematoria cooperate with the undertakers in refusing to cremate unless the body comes in an expensive "casket," even a noninflammable one. Florists have bullied nearly every U.S. newspaper into banning the words "Please Omit Flowers." (Exceptions: New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune*, Washington *Post*.) The nonprofit cemeteries are fronts for promoters who do a saturation selling job and have accumulated $1,000,000,000 in perpetual-care funds. They may then move on, borrowing the perpetual-care funds at very low interest. The land company controlled by the promoter of the famous Forest Lawn Memorial-Park had by 1959 borrowed $5,000,000 from the nonprofit cemetery at 3 per cent interest, and in turn sold it three churches at eighteen times their depreciated cost, payment to be made in annual instalments of $100,000 plus 4 per cent interest. Adela Rogers St. Johns's fulsome book about this man concluded "[His] plan's greatness lay in its simplicity." The undertakers of Centralia made of the 1947 mine disaster that killed 111 men a quick $80,000 bonanza. Asked to contribute to the relief fund, they made small "deductions" on the funeral bills.

One thing one can do, in self-defense, is to call one's pastor *before* calling the undertaker. Most churches make no charge for funeral services; only the organist must be paid. A churchman's view of death is so different from a funeral director's that he will advise a plain (what the industry calls "cheap") coffin. The funeral director's reaction to the minister's presence is "avaricious churchmen," "nasty problem," "nosy clergy."

In the past, the occasional protests (about once every ten years) have been impotent. After a 1951 *Collier's* article, the California legislature opened an investigation of funeral directors. The final report of the committee was written by a prominent California undertaker, but not, of course, signed by him. The latest important exposé was a *Saturday Evening Post* article (June 17, 1961).

But in the late 1950s groups of sane citizens, usually in university towns, began forming "memorial societies." Many of them have contracted with funeral establishments for a "simple funeral," costing around $100, for their members. This may involve burial, cremation, or the bequeathing of one's body to a medical school for research. Miss Mitford's appendix gives a list of these memorial societies. The one i New York City, Community Funera Society, 40 East 35th Street, is a branch of the Community Church of New York.

And here are the funeral industry's opinions of these societies: ". . . like all the other selfish interest groups that infest the American way of life like so many weasels sucking away at the life blood of our basic economy." "The very concept of the memorial society is alien to every principle of the American way of life. It must be opposed with every ounce of decency we can muster." "The promulgations of these outfits hint at communism and its brother-in-arms, atheism."

As the churchmen rally to support the memorial societies, the undertakers are finding them, too, to be halfway Communists or fellow-travelers.

The funeral industry has won every other war; its problem is now to destroy these little, idealistic, nonprofit memorial societies. We may expect to see new bills introduced into the various legislatures, designed to dissolve or hamstring such citizen cooperatives. This operation will be quiet and final.

One last comment on the funera industry: since the majority of funer establishments handle one body or less a week, these people are the idlest, and must be the laziest, employed men in the United States. Perhaps this is why they are so pernicious.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1047

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1047 will be found in the next issue.

Q FLBXLBQAGLC FQCCLA

OZKRT.

QRFBGOMW AL

TLDMZ DQZRT

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1046

Critics are like brushers of noblemen's clothes.

—HERBERT.

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Ill-Fed, Clad, Housed, and Ill

Night Comes to the Cumberlands: A Biography of a Depressed Area, *by Harry M. Caudill (Atlantic-Little, Brown. 394 pp. $6.75), calls for a Southern Mountain Authority modeled on the TVA to reduce privation in the Southern Appalachians. Henry David, who recently resigned as president of the New School for Social Research, is professor of economics and sociology on its Graduate Faculty of Political and Social Science.*

By HENRY DAVID

CONTINUING and oppressive ills have long characterized virtually every aspect of the life of the people of the Southern Appalachian region of the United States. It is an area which has suffered from poverty for decades and which has wasted and abused its human and physical resources. Its people have made the most minuscule investment in their own education and have tolerated political forms and processes that have made a mockery of the spirit and values of democracy.

If the problems of the region appear to have been swept under the carpet and ignored, it is not because they have been unknown. On the contrary, they have long been identified and intensively investigated. In 1936 *Migration and Economic Opportunity*, the massive report of the Study of Population Redistribution directed by Carter Goodrich, described the Southern Appalachians as one of four regions in the nation "in which both depression distress and previous poverty have been particularly acute. . . ." By every measure it was an area of "conspicuous poverty." Today, writes Harry M. Caudill in *Night Comes to the Cumberlands*, "a million Americans in the Southern Appalachians live . . . in conditions of squalor, ignorance and ill health which could scarcely be equaled in Europe or Japan or, perhaps, in parts of mainland Asia." Almost a fifth of its adult population, according to the 1960 census, is illiterate. The region's housing, sanitation, level of medical care, and quality of public services are substandard, compared with those of the nation as a whole, but its claims upon relief resources and other forms of public assistance are disproportionately high.

The Cumberland Plateau area, with about half a million inhabitants living in some 10,000 square miles in eastern and southern Kentucky, is a characteristic and key part of the Southern Appalachian region. In Mr. Caudill's judgment, the Cumberland Plateau is "probably the most seriously depressed region in the nation," not only economically but also spiritually. The succession of ills and crises from which its people have suffered, he concludes, have conspired to destroy in many of them all sense of hope, aspiration, or pride.

The plateau's timber and coal resources have been thoughtlessly exploited and exhausted. Coal mining, its dominant industry, is badly shattered as a result of changes in technology and competition from other fuels and sources of energy. Its work force contributes heavily to the state's recipients of old age and disability insurance, unemployment compensation, other forms of state and federal welfare payments, and union pensions. The once-powerful United Mine Workers organization cannot protect the wage rates, safety, or jobs of coal miners, and its own membership has contracted sharply. More than one-half of the farms of the Cumberland Plateau were abandoned during the 1950s. Soil erosion has reduced the acreage of its arable land, and its supplies of livestock have almost disappeared. "Even the vegetable garden," writes Mr. Caudill, "is a disappearing institution. The people have discovered that between giveaway and state aid nobody is going to starve anyway, and it is easier to carry it in than grow it." The region's great natural beauty has been impaired by coal stripping operations, public and private garbage heaps, and car dumps.

—*Billy Davis.*

A dying town in Harlan County.

Even more arresting are the evidences of impoverishment and waste of the plateau's most critical resource—its people. "The broken and the ill are truly legion." The numerous unskilled have little chance of either finding meaningful employment or being effectively trained. Educational opportunities and facilities for the young are painfully inadequate. Many younger children do not attend school at all, and most of those who do receive a substandard education. The high school drop-out rate is high, and most of those who graduate are ill-prepared for college. The Selective Service rejection rate for mental and emotional reasons runs "from 25 per cent in the 'better' counties to as much as 50 per cent in the worst." The birth rates of the poor mountain counties remain high—almost twice that of Kentucky's prosperous Bluegrass area—and the number of its young people rises. But so do the number and proportion of the old, and there is a veritable flight from the Plateau of those in their twenties. Between 1950 and 1960, the region lost almost three out of ten of its population between twenty and twenty-four years of age.

Mr. Caudill's richly informed and sobering account of the Cumberlands' painful plight is the product not only of thorough research, but also of an intimate firsthand knowledge of the region and its people. A native Kentucky lawyer who has served in the state's House of Representatives, Mr. Caudill closes his book with a moving plea for a major national effort to prevent not only the Cumberland Plateau, but also the Southern Appalachians from becoming a permanently depressed area. His solution is the long-discussed creation of a Southern Mountain Authority modeled on the TVA. One need not accept every point in Mr. Caudill's case, or his imaginative vision of how the Authority would operate, to be persuaded that time is running out for the Cumberlands and that, failing such a radical innovation in public policy, its night will be tragic and long.

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Capital and the Capitol

The American Economic Republic, *by Adolf A. Berle (Harcourt, Brace & World. 247 pp. $4.50), analyzes the New Deal experiment and its effect on the relationship between business and government. Arthur E. Burns is a professor of economics at George Washington University in Washington, D. C.*

By ARTHUR E. BURNS

WHEN the New Deal burst upon the American scene thirty years ago it had no sanctifying rationale. Its programs and policies were products of an experimental mood, responsive to urgent needs and pressures. Now Adolf Berle has written a lucid interpretation of that hectic period and the subsequent interventionism it spawned.

The American Economic Republic describes in sweeping terms the web of political controls and their institutional arrangements that are now imbedded in the economy. As he views the future, there are more to come. The economic republic is an indigenous development, unlike any other system. It is neither classical capitalism nor communism; both "belong in museums of nineteenth-century thought and culture." The economic republic defies simple definition. It is a pragmatically evolving arrangement of politico-economic institutions, guided in some sense by a "public consensus" and dedicated in some sense to the common good. The nature of the consensus and the content of the goal are perhaps intuitively clear to Mr. Berle. They are not to this reviewer.

Although the 1930s ushered in the economic republic, Mr. Berle traces its origin to the fragmentation of the nineteenth-century concepts of property, capital, and the free market. The separation of ownership from control, or power, grew with the corporate form of business. This form, together with forced savings under Social Security, altered the sources of saving. Investment decisions have become institutionalized. And Mr. Berle finds the traditional competitive market all but gone, replaced by oligopolistic markets with administered prices and subject to actual or potential control by the State. Property is "active and productive" not by virtue of its ownership but because it is organized and administered. Power over property is largely in the hands of nonowners and is exercised in an environment increasingly organized by the political state for the common good. Ownership is passive; the claims that pass as property are liquid and exchangeable – mere possessory property. its legitimacy rests on its capacity to minister to the good life: as a personal reserve to sustain its owner, to further his children's education, to finance his own self-realization, to support philanthropic ventures, and to finance a measure of personal independence.

Having disposed of nineteenth-century economic concepts, Mr. Berle then proceeds to review the organization and structure of the economic republic. Its Constitutional basis is slim; nevertheless, it has been found adequate to support a burgeoning bureaucracy with a wide range of powers over markets, business organizations, financial operations, competitive behavior, and, though to a lesser extent, labor unions (their turn will come). The limited legal basis gives wide scope to innovation growing out of a public consensus. "Unwritten standards of the republic insist that the market power achieved shall not reach the point of exploitation. But they also insist that demand shall be supplied and that technical progress shall be maintained. When any of these standards are violated, the political state is expected to intervene—and in fact regularly does so." Welfare is the ultimate test. Its meaning is never defined.

Mr. Berle concludes the book with his Theory of the Transcendental Margin. The margin "is the product of a value system that causes effort and expenditure beyond that calculated as conducive to the personal advantage of an individual or his immediate family group." He estimates the margin as roughly forty billion dollars per year, devoted to purposes sanctioned by the prevailing system of values. Education is the principal purpose. Historically, this margin was privately financed, under motivations derived from the Puritan ethic; Carnegie and Rockefeller are classic cases. Increasingly the State supplements the efforts and finances of individual and nonstatist institutions, in keeping with the growing role of government. Mr. Berle rightly stresses the enormous importance of value systems in shaping an economy and determining its growth. But perhaps he makes too much of the "selfless goals," supported by the transcendental margin, as the mainsprings of American economic achievement and the promise of future growth. Indeed, the diversion of private resources by means of taxation to widen the margin for the pursuit of selfless goals could at some point stifle growth.

This is a controversial book; it should be widely read. For those who, like Mr. Berle, embrace a most generous concept of federal responsibility in economic affairs, it will be a bracer —or a cause for second thoughts. The conservative will find his worst fears confirmed in these pages.

As this reviewer sees it, the author exaggerates both the shortcomings of the competitive market and the efficacy of governmental intervention. The not infrequent blunders of bureaucracy are ignored. But, beyond this, Mr. Berle's economic republic lacks a framework of clear-cut rules. He speaks of unwritten standards, government responsibility, a public consensus, and the common good. These may have meaning in his social philosophy, of which his book is an eloquent statement, but a vast social inefficiency, or at worst oppression, can find shelter under such shifting, rootless concepts

A President Who "Presidented": William Leuchtenburg in *Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal: 1932-40* (Harper & Row, $6) has written a highly acceptable account of the years of the New Deal and of the Great Depression that preceded it. What is noteworthy in his book is his eye for the illuminating detail; a prodigious amount of hard work and insightful study is evident in what he has to say. The spell of the New Deal and of FDR has touched him deeply, as it did so many among us who remember the sufferings of the business collapse of 1929-32, and the note of affirmation and hope with which the Roosevelt Administration entered power.

The assessment of the New Deal is a difficult matter. In his last chapter, entitled "The Roosevelt Reconstruction: Retrospect," Professor Leuchtenburg comes down sharply on the affirmative side; indeed, only one paragraph of sharp criticism balances many paragraphs of praise. In a sense this is understandable; for, compared with previous Administrations, the Roosevelt years altered substantially the politics of the United States and left an abiding impact upon our society. The reform of the banking system and its placing under tighter national control, the regulation of the stock market, the development of Social Security are among the most solid and beneficial

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achievements of those momentous years. The rise of the labor and agricultural interests is of similar importance, though many problems in both of these areas remain. The breakdown of fiscal orthodoxy, though far from complete (as witness the climate of today), may be regarded by later historians as of the highest significance. All this and more could be said.

But the negative side of the balance sheet perhaps needs more emphasis than Professor Leuchtenburg has given it. The New Deal decidedly failed to solve the problem of unemployment: It oscillated between the idea of a balanced budget and massive deficit financing. It did little to alter the distribution of national income. And its NRA, despite collateral achievements, ran counter to some of the fundamental elements of the American economic philosophy and the American temper. With the most wholehearted recognition of the achievements of the Roosevelt Administration, these facts ought not to be forgotten. The New Deal was a great step forward; much of what it did has never been reversed; but, as Professor Leuchtenburg suggests, it left much to be done.

The reforms of the period were in many cases due to the pressure of special-interests groups; they "swelled the ranks of the bourgeoisie but left many Americans—sharecroppers, slum dwellers, most Negroes—outside the new equilibrium." Nor is the situation fundamentally changed in 1963; massive and difficult problems remain.

In the story that the author tells the personality of Franklin Roosevelt naturally bulks large. The most perceptive judgment, in the opinion of the reviewer, is that which insists upon the privacy of Roosevelt's nature. Nobody really understood him, not even his own family. He was not a systematic thinker, and it is difficult to ascribe to him a fixed philosophy. Yet some things we know. We know that he was gallant in facing his physical disability; we know that he presided with gusto over an age of change; we feel that he cared for the simple man, that he wished well to the less fortunate. Professor Leuchtenburg does not hide Roosevelt's defects: his occasional moments of irresolution, his ambiguous attitude towards the rise of labor, his arrogance and shiftiness in the battle over the Supreme Court, his tendency to equivocation. But the author speaks truly when he says that Roosevelt was President who "Presidented"; and if he did not change the nature of the office as much as some people have claimed (*vide* the Eisenhower Administration), he pointed the way to what the American people want in the White House. —DEXTER PERKINS.

Charting a Literary Log

—*Henri Cartier-Bresson.*

Albert Camus—intense humanity, genuine humility, natural nobility.

Notebooks, 1935-1942, *by Albert Camus, translated from the French by Philip Thody (Knopf. 225 pp. $5), the first of three volumes of the novelist-philosopher's literary diary, contains some of the raw materials that went into his celebrated works. Books by John Cruickshank, who is a professor of French at the newly established University of Sussex, England, include "Albert Camus and the Literature of Revolt," "Critical Readings in the Modern French Novel," and "The Novelist as Philosopher: Studies in French Fiction 1935-1960."*

By JOHN CRUICKSHANK

IN AN interview that Albert Camus gave a few months before his death he described his method of work as follows: "Notes, scraps of paper, reverie, which all might go on for years. Then, one day, I have the idea or conception that makes all these isolated fragments coagulate together. There then begins a long and painful putting them into order."

Much of the material that Camus used in this way was first jotted down in a number of school exercise-books between 1935 and the end of his life. In 1954 he revised, for publication, his literary diary as it existed up to that date. The first result is the present volume containing three notebooks (the remaining four, taking us up to 1954, will follow later in two further volumes).

I ought to say at once that I look with no great enthusiasm on the posthumous publication of an important writer's notes. They are often overpraised, their interest tends to be exaggerated by scholars, and they are sometimes private memoranda not intended for public scrutiny. One cannot make this last charge against Camus's notebooks, since he himself prepared them for publication and allowed extracts to appear in *Symposium* while he was still alive. At the same time, it is only fair to say that they are mainly of interest to readers who already know Camus's work reasonably well.

Notes such as these have an undeniable curiosity value, but they are limited in what they can tell us about the finished works to which they contributed. We chiefly want to find out how these isolated elements became unified; why some were rejected, some accepted, others added to. Notes of this kind can give no answers to such questions. They do not explain what made the published novel or play something more than the sum of these (and other) parts. They cannot tell us what "idea or conception," as Camus says, "makes all these isolated fragments coagulate together."

IF we recognize and accept this major limitation, however, we can still find some interesting characteristics and emphases in the notebooks. To read them is to be impressed again by the intense humanity, the genuine humility, and the natural nobility of Camus's mind, essentially a Mediterranean one in its preoccupations and choice of values. His previously published work suggested that Camus had meditated on Spengler's *Decline of the West* and that he admired Malraux, in part, as an heir of Spengler. The present notebooks make clear, however, the way in which his Mediterranean feeling for nature and its accompanying antihistoricism, together with his strong sense of individual human value, turned his mind into different paths from those taken by Spengler and Malraux and prevented him from sharing their apocalyptic visions of doom. This is so

(*Continued on page* 46)

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In the Days of the Knights

Sword at Sunset, *by Rosemary Sutcliff (Coward-McCann. 495 pp. $6.95), and* ***Kinsmen of the Grail,*** *by Dorothy James Roberts (Little, Brown. 367 pp. $5.75), render aspects of the Arthurian legends in terms of the modern temper. William S. Lynch is a former professor of humanities at Cooper Union.*

By WILLIAM S. LYNCH

EACH age reshapes the tales of its past. Even so, two contemporary writers using the same historic theme will differ mightily in their selection and handling of material from ancient lore and recent scholarship. Here, then, are two good novels built on the Arthurian legends, alike in a feeling for the modern temper but different in plot and style.

Sword at Sunset is a crowded canvas, somewhat realistic in manner; lengthy, as we have come to expect historical novels to be; dark in its mood as the century must have been when the Britons were fighting off the barbaric Saxon hordes. Rosemary Sutcliff strips the period of the romance, glamour, and chivalry placed over it by Geoffrey of Monmouth, Mallory, Tennyson, and the rest. There is no Round Table, no Holy Grail, no towers of Camelot.

Artos, the Bear, the book's central figure, rises from the mists of time solid and convincing. A mixture of pagan and Christian, he guards his country in the trying years after the Romans have left, against the tribes who would destroy the flickering lights of civilization. He is a King Arthur, strong and forceful, who reminds us of native chiefs and rude lords. His swords are bright and his steeds are prancing without the usual tapestried prettiness. In his person and in his character he is the blend of the old and new of his time. Born of sin, he sins himself and is sinned against, thus carrying in his heart burdens of hate and love from which he can never be relieved. Around him are his Companions, the closest of them Bedwyr, the harper, who loves Guenhumara, the Queen. This, of course, is the familiar Lancelot and Guinevere story, told this time with values more modern than legendary.

Whether Rosemary Sutcliff can truly be compared to Mary Renault or Sigrid Undset is open to question, but there is no doubt that she is a first-rate writer of historical novels. For all who love the genre, *Sword at Sunset* can be highly recommended.

Kinsmen of the Grail is more laconic, nearer to the legends we have grown up with. It is brighter, too, in its feeling that then the world was young. Knighthood may not have been in flower, but Dorothy Roberts's Gawin and her Perceval are heroes whose errands are best presented in individual exploit and singular encounter. Gawin is the searcher for the Holy Grail, pursuing the prodigious Perceval, whose widowed mother, Lady Iglais, he has come to defend and to love. Gawin's is a tragic fate, predestined in its conflict of flesh and spirit.

Not as full and massive as Miss Sutcliff's book, *Kinsmen of the Grail* lacks spectacle and mass movement. It is a lonelier story, for it is that of an individual rather than a nation, costumed in "the medieval grace of iron clothing" that Miniver Cheevy longed for. There is more here of mystery: Gawin is the knight errant struggling to enforce the king's justice, aware of the intrigue surrounding his master, anxious to protect him from his enemies, and caught up in the search for the Grail. Whether the Grail is reality or symbol is not always clear. Is it truly the Cup of Christ Himself, or is it the symbol of death and rebirth as they have always existed? In any event, Gawin struggles on, caught in a spell, as it were, with Perceval and his uncles, Pelles, Mortelle, and Peleur, the guardians of the Grail.

The author's knowledge of the times and grace of style should make the book popular.

For Whom Mountains Won't Move

The Stories of William Sansom, *by William Sansom (Atlantic-Little, Brown. 422 pp. $6), reveal a preoccupation with frustrated people seeking happiness, misfits mocked by society. "C. P.Snow: The Politics of Conscience" and "The Contemporary English Novel" are recent books by Frederick R. Karl.*

By FREDERICK R. KARL

THE THIRTY-THREE stories in this volume are selections from William Sansom's previously published work chronologically arranged. In her glowing introduction to the collection Elizabeth Bowen points out that "all Sansom stories are scenic stories"; that is, they take place against formidable backdrops, which often appear to determine man's fate. Yet it is a curious fact, which Miss Bowen ignores, that Sansom's use of background works in two ways: it may intensify his meaning, as Miss Bowen believes, or, conversely, it may dwarf his characters and make them lose the significance he intends.

In his popular "Episode at Gastein," Sansom presents a backdrop suitable to that of *The Magic Mountain* or a similar fictional epic, and against this vastness his characters cannot display the quality of delicate pathos he wishes to convey. Ludwig de Broda, a middle-aged would-be Don Juan, now ready for marriage, encounters a down-at-the-heel young woman at Gastein, in Austria, pursues her through mountains, valleys, and bars, only to lose her to a very young Swiss, whose careless Americanized style contrasts sharply with de Broda's own careful, precise manner. The old order passes, de Broda misses

—*Jerry Bauer.*

William Sansom—"the craft is all there."

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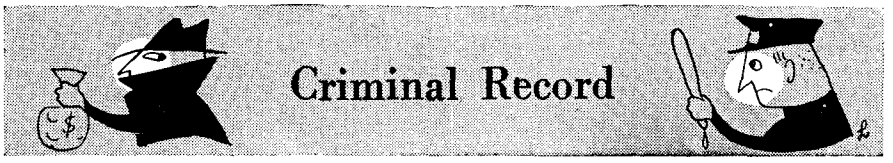
his chance: he is a couple of days too late. In a sentimentalized—perhaps al-...orical?—ending, he contemplates sui-...as the Romans once did it: bleed-...g to death in a tub of hot water. But even this act of classic heroism escapes de Broda, for he cannot quite bring himself to cut his own flesh with a razor blade. As Sansom leaves him, the anguished de Broda is sitting still in the water with big tears dribbling from his eyes into the tub.

Dwarfed by the enormous background of snow and mountains, baffled by a situation he cannot cope with, squeezed out by a young man who works too fast, de Broda is "cute" when he should be pathetic or comic. Writing once about some of Sansom's novels—*The Body*, *The Loving Eye*, *The Face of Innocence*, *The Cautious Heart*—I remarked his interest in frustrated people seeking happiness, in misfits mocked by society, in drifters who can find no order in a blundering universe. I then pointed out that his preoccupation with them, sympathetic as it may seem at first, makes them appear less, not more, than they are; in some impersonal way he reduces their scale, mocks their problems, and breaks the thread of unreality.

The same point can be made of many ...ese stories. They are often expertly ...ceived and superbly written. Sansom has an ear for the precise and fresh word, a sense of taste, and an awareness of phrase that should make him the envy of many more significant writers. Unquestionably, the craft is all here, and it is maturely developed. What is lacking, however, is sufficient imagination to fuse language and meaning. One thinks in this connection of John Updike, who often throws a fog of language over a scene to disguise his lack of emotional commitment or his inability to see the dramatic action clearly and honestly. Sansom is a better writer than Updike, but both have the *New Yorker*ish mannerism of falling away at the very moment the reader wishes the real thing, as though feeling and commitment are dirty qualities to be avoided at all costs.

At his best, however, in stories like "How Claeys Died," "The Vertical Ladder," and "Various Temptations," there is a sharpness of point of view that matches the excellence of phrase. Nevertheless, perhaps only in "How Claeys Died" is Sansom fully satisfac-...ry in avoiding tricks or the obvious. ...s story about a man's attempt to ...e some of the horrors of war is enough to justify the entire volume. Pieter Claeys, a Belgian relief worker engaged in the rehabilitation of the enemy, wants to "construct quickly the world of which he had dreamed during the shadow years." Seeing a group of expatriates — forced laborers from all over Europe waiting to be shipped home —he tries to give them a sense of human fellowship. When they react to neither his English nor his French and Dutch, he begins to speak German, which they do not understand. But they recognize the hated language of their former oppressors, and they attack Claeys, mangling him with a scythe before beating and stamping him. Even in the moment of death, the humanitarian Claeys puts forth his bloody hand, which an officer takes, then carefully wipes away the blood on his trousers, and shakes hands with the expatriates. Sansom writes: ". . . none of these expatriates knew whether the officer was giving them Claey's hand or whether he had wiped Claeys's gesture away in distaste and was now offering them his congratulations for killing such a common enemy as Claeys." Under the superb irony Sansom displays a commitment to human values that goes well beyond the artifices so common in his other stories.

The range of Sansom's fiction is great, but it is a range of location and situation rather than one of emotion and ideas. His body of work shows little appreciable growth, for it is stylistic, not intellectual. One has the sense that Sansom is pulling away, that he wishes to avoid the muck of feeling; possibly that he has no more to give. Even when there is violence, it is cool, tricky, full of gimmicks; all the more a shame because Sansom does demonstrate a trenchant insight into modern amorality and irrationality, and he does write the kind of spiky prose that can justify his presentation of such attitudes.



THE CAPTURE AND TRIAL OF ADOLF EICHMANN. *By Moshe Pearlman. Simon & Schuster.* $8.95. This conclusive and comprehensive narrative is the work of a British-born Israeli with a distinguished record of diplomatic and military service (in both the British and the Israeli armies), who is thoroughly conversant with the Eichmann case. The details of the capture near Buenos Aires are here revealed for the first time. Gripping, dramatic, and a significant and important contribution to recent history.

ESCAPE FROM ALCATRAZ. *By J. Campbell Bruce. McGraw-Hill.* $5.50. This "farewell to The Rock" is an absorbing, brilliantly written account of the world's most notorious prison (now happily "phasing out"); the author, long a San Francisco *Chronicle* reporter, is often sharply critical—and makes his animadversions stick.

ALCATRAZ: 1868-1963. *By John Godwin. Doubleday.* $4.50. Without ignoring the history of The Rock, Mr. Godwin stresses the careers of notorious inmates over the years (and of lesser fry as well). Good pix, too. Surprisingly, there is little duplication of the material in Mr. Bruce's treatment. The two books read nicely in sequence.

TRIAL AT BANNOCK. *By Jesse Bier. Harcourt, Brace & World.* $5.95. This full-dimensioned novel is an engrossing courtroom drama (charge: murder) with overtones that cover a broad area of social criticism; narrator is jurisprudence prof in local university. Admirable performance.

NO DUST IN THE ATTIC. *By Anthony Gilbert. Random House.* $3.95. Arthur Crook, English lawyer-*cum*-shamus, goes to aid of young woman sought by mobsters. Rather populous, so pay close attention.

HOW AWFUL ABOUT ALLAN. *By Henry Farrell. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.50. American youth, victim of hysterical blindness, wonders if he is killer; retreat from reality big factor here. Nerve-twister.

ALICE. *By E. V. Cunningham. Doubleday.* $3.50. Manhattan draftsman is witness to subway death, and the bad people move in; chase in New Jersey meadows featured; four quick deaths. Picks up speed as it goes along.

THE DEAD CAN'T LOVE. *By Judson Philips. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. New York lawyer Corny Ryan (narrator) finds two ex-Hollywood clients on his hands; man and woman face murder raps; two-timing abounds. Follow this one super-closely.

TIGER IN THE NORTH. *By Simon Harvester. Walker.* $3.50. British oil-prospecting team runs into difficulties in tiny country between Pakistan and India. Rich, as usual, in colorful background, authentic exotic touches.

NO. 9 BELMONT SQUARE. *By Margaret Erskine. Crime Club.* $3.50. Finch of

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Scotland Yard investigates killing in old mansion peopled by elderly oddballs. One for the leisurest hours.

CRY HAVOC. *By Richard Martin Stern. Scribners.* $3.50. Upstate New York police chief (good guy) tracks down rapist with help (and opposition) from politicians, press, armed forces. Good character handling, vivid action.

THE WEIRD WORLD OF WES BEATTIE. *By John Norman Harris. Harper & Row.* $3.95. Toronto bank clerk's frame-up story (against larceny and later murder raps) just can't be true, but Lawyer Sidney Grant (good man) goes to work for him anyway. Fine comedy touches and excellent sleuthing. Come again soon!

THE MONTH OF THE FALLING LEAVES. *By Bruce Marshall. Doubleday.* $3.50. English philosopher flies to Warsaw to lecture, finds himself tangled in international espionage net. Comedy reigns throughout, but cast is too vast.

ALL NIGHT AT MR. STANYHURST'S. *By Hugh Edwards. Macmillan.* $3.50. Ian Fleming's introduction sings praises of this stirring tale of a 1783 shipwreck on coast of South Africa. First issued in London in 1933, yarn has never before appeared in America. Tender, tragic, charming.

FLUSH AS MAY. *By P. M. Hubbard. London House & Maxwell.* $3.50. Oxford undergrads (he and she) involve selves in vanishing-corpse mystery; terminal twist is novel. Death, love, and laughter are agreeably mingled here, with nice writing.

THE LATE CLARA BEAME. *By Taylor Caldwell. Crime Club.* $3.50. Suspicion of murder in Chicago haunts suburban Connecticut Christmas house-party; storm douses lights, but guilt shines through. Highly emotive.

DEAD HERO. *By William Campbell Gault. Dutton.* $3.50. Brock Callahan, LA peeper and ex-pro-football VIP, seeks solution of death of old gridiron pal; destructive Bel-Air fire recalled. Good motion, nice handling.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

WORLD WAR II

The War They Won't Forget

Pacific War Diary, 1942-1945, *by James J. Fahey (Houghton Mifflin. 404 pp. $6.50),* ***The Pitcher and the Well,*** *by Anon. (Houghton Mifflin. 308 pp. $4.50), and* ***Yanks Don't Cry,*** *by Martin Boyle (Bernard Geis. 249 pp. $4.95), view war well below the level of the high command. Mark S. Watson is the Baltimore Sun's military correspondent.*

By MARK S. WATSON

IN HIS foreword to James A. Fahey's diary of World War II at sea Samuel Eliot Morison, who knows a great deal about that subject [see page 29], notes that, while the nation's bookshelves bend under the weight of reminiscences from admirals and statesmen, few contain the bluejacket's view of the conflict "with all its glory and horror, achievement and boredom." The same might be said of the airman and leatherneck.

If the reader is surprised by the absorbing tale that, after nearly two decades, seaman Fahey has transferred to print from a mass of closely written, loose sheets of paper, he has nothing on the author, who admits it is rather like a dream to him, a truck-driver in Waltham, Mass. Clearly there ought to be more books by truck-drivers, provided they have the sharp eyes and eager interest and persistent industry of Mr. Fahey.

His narration begins with enlistment in October 1942 and ends with discharge from duty in late December 1945. Between those entries is a detailing, day by day when he had time, of the experiences of a lad who suddenly finds himself in the Navy: the night ride to Great Lakes Training Station, the unblushing physical examination, the Navy haircut, the arduous, swift training, and subsequent embarkation on the cruiser *Montpelier*, which was to be his home for the next three years. Involved in a multitude of fights, the ship miraculously escaped the disaster that befell so many companion vessels. It was a hard life below decks, but Fahey gained ten pounds in three months.

Some of his experiences were extraordinarily dramatic; most, however, were routine—what several million other gobs and GIs went through, but narrated so faithfully and artlessly that many an ex-sailor will think he is reading about his own acts and thoughts.

En route to the South Pacific badly tested bombs explode close at hand. In the South Seas one goes ashore for recreation and finds out that there is "little to do but pick coconuts and lemons." The sailors sprawl on deck in hope of a cool breeze, then lurch to their feet at the sound of General Quarters because a Japanese air raid is on. With pride Fahey notes that his gun mount was the first to knock out a raiding plane, and that his skipper adroitly dodged an incoming bomb. He sees a neighboring cruiser go down, with all its antiaircraft guns still firing. His own ship picks up downed airmen clinging to their collapsible raft. With the excitement of the many battles go the long periods of plain, idle boredom when, even on the rare opportunity [illegible] ship's leave, many of the men [illegible] aboard their hot ship "because th[illegible] is nothing to amount to on the recreation parties; we seldom get a night's sleep; the only thing we see is glaring ocean, thick green jungle, and tropical rainstorms."

FAHEY is assigned to three months of kitchen duty, which gives him an even better chance to get acquainted with bread "full of little hard bugs [so that] when you put a slice up there seems to be as many bugs in it as there is bread." Somehow mess-man Fahey's pals get plenty of fruit, and during one night watch they revel in cherry pie. When his kitchen duty ends, the diarist notes that "These three months sure went fast; now I shall go hungry again."

The gob's report of fighting is from a viewpoint different from the admiral's but in Fahey's case it fully lives up to Samuel Morison's praise.

In *The Pitcher and the Well*, too, there are countless episodes duplicated in familiar experience, reflections that must have come to many a flyer after a bombing raid on a sleeping enemy town, thoughts of civilians, men and women and children tortured in flames from the incendiaries. Presen[illegible] as a series of letters dictated to an old friend by a New Zealand airman, this book, as the title suggests, is the tale of a man sent once too often on a bombing mission over Nazi-held

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Europe. It is a skilfully constructed ...k, the narration alternately lucid ...vandering, tender and aggressive, ...ngling of memories of battle and of leave-time frolics, of boyhood and of youth as a fledgling airman developing into a highly competent navigator. The dying man is never identified, nor is his amanuensis; one learns only the name of the recipient of the alleged letters, who writes a discreet foreword. The book was first printed in New Zealand, where, because of its merit, it attracted wide attention, although whether it was fact or fiction was never agreed upon. Save as a spur to his curiosity, this does not greatly matter to the reader, for the chronicle has the convincing air of fact rather than of contrivance.

Last in this trio of wartime tales from sources far below the high command is a rowdy account of a group of U.S. Marines captured early in the war on almost undefended Guam and shipped off to the miseries of Japanese prison camp. The author, Martin Boyle, is properly proud that "Yanks don't cry" even in bitter adversity, but the reader will find that his explication calls for a great deal of barracks language and the tedious recital of numerous extremely personal, off-duty episodes.

Admirals Weren't All Admirable

The Two Ocean War: A Short History of the United States Navy in the Second World War, *by Samuel Eliot Morison (Atlantic-Little, Brown. 611 pp. $15), gives credit where the author considers it due, ...pulls no punches in calling ...rs too. Commander Edward Peary Stafford, who is a veteran of twenty years of naval service, wrote "The Big E."*

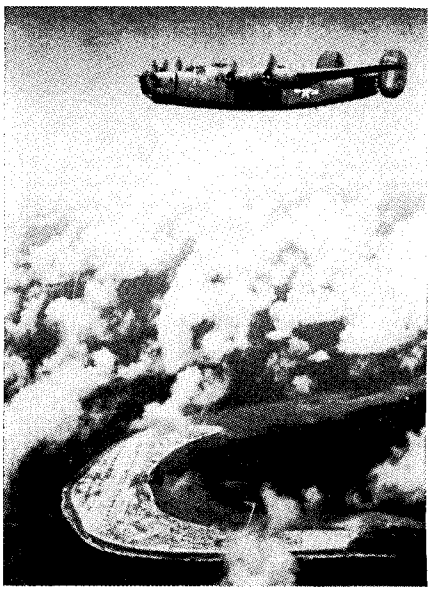
By EDWARD PEARY STAFFORD

SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON is a retired rear admiral in the Naval Reserve and a professor of history at Harvard, twin keys to the remarkable qualities of *The Two Ocean War*.

The historian places events in perspective; he compares, for example, the attitude of the Roosevelt Administration on the verge of war with that of Lincoln at the time of the siege of Fort Sumter, and with Colonel Parker's instructions to the Minutemen at Lexington in 1775. Professor Morison writes that, after the big guns went silent in Surigao Strait early in the morning of October 25, 1944, "Battle Line became as obsolete as the row galley tactics of Salamis and Syracuse," and he quotes Homer, Sophocles, and Thucydides to demonstrate that the ...tory of mankind is both repetitive ...short.

...Morison the admiral compromises little for the civilian. Times of day are given in the logical, four-digit manner of the military services, dates in the equally logical order of day, month, and year: the attack on Pearl Harbor commenced, for example, at 0755 on 7 December 1941. This will disturb no one with any sort of military experience and is readily understood by anyone else able to subtract 1200 from a larger number. Such sentences, however, as "Since May Bill Halsey had been on the binnacle list with dermatitis, but mid-October found him back to battery" may slow down the layman. Nor may he be as interested as the seaman in the phases of the moon, its rise and set, the duration of morning and evening twilight, the direction and force of the wind, the rise and fall of the tides, ocean currents, visible constellations, and the precise amount of water under one's keel.

Combined, the professor and the admiral use a rich variety of language, from classical quotations and archaic expression ("this warning the people heeded not") through nautical nomenclature to downright slang ("boo-boo" and "goof"). In the grand scope of Admiral Morison's book are poetic, effective, and obviously heartfelt vignettes of convoys at sea, amphibious landings, and carrier air operations short, sharp, thumbnail characterizations, humor, and sincere tributes to brave and skilful men of all stations who met the incredible demands placed on them by the war.



—*Army Air Force.*

Army Air Force *Liberator* over Kwajelein Island, October 1944.

Accepting no popular images or conceptions, the author refreshingly straightens some records. With cool objectivity he notes Douglas MacArthur's incredible blunder in allowing himself to be caught by the Japanese at Manila with his aircraft down some seven hours after he had received official confirmation of the Pearl Harbor attack, and several hours after attacks on airfield and ships in the Philippines themselves. With the same dispassion Admiral Morison lists half a dozen wildly inaccurate prophecies made by "Billy" Mitchell, along with the general's correct ones.

Although he gives full credit where he finds it due—"Calm, collected, decisive, yet receptive to advice, Raymond A. Spruance emerged from this battle [Midway] one of the greatest admirals in American naval history"—Morison the professor pulls no punches in calling errors or even personal faults as he sees them. A captain on Spruance's staff at Midway is described as "one of the most irascible and unstable officers ever to earn a fourth stripe, but a man with a slide-rule brain." He raps one admiral who was "highly opinionated and difficult to work with," another who "was making a mess of things," and reports that a cruiser captain "whose stupidity was largely responsible for [his ship's] inglorious part in that battle, committed suicide."

Anyone who reads *The Two Ocean War*, with its crisp, explicit accounts of fleet, force, ship, and individual exploits in all phases of sea warfare, must gain a realistic confidence in the American fighting man in general and of the U.S. bluejacket in particular.

Technicalities of Battle: Despite alleged editorial assistance, Field Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis, who bore the burdens of defeat in Dunkirk and Burma and the burdens of victory in North Africa and Italy, offers as memoirs what is in reality hardly more than a long technical-magazine article.

Yet the beginning chapters of *The Alexander Memoirs 1940-1945* (edited by John North; McGraw-Hill, $5.95) hint at the kind of book he might have written with the proper guidance. As,

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for example, when the Field Marshal describes the redoubtable Montgomery as "keen, capable, energetic," but adds, "It would not be true to say that he was aggressive."

Alexander gives Montgomery much of the credit for the total destruction of the German desert army, then snatches away credit with the next breath: "Monty, in his memoirs, gives the impression that [the Tunis attack] was his initiative and idea. . . . Montgomery had nothing to do with the attack on Tunis." His own chief of staff, General McCleery, he says, was responsible for the "key decision of the Alamein battle," which resulted in utter defeat for Rommel and served as the springboard that made possible the southern invasion of Europe a year before Normandy, which Alexander also commanded.

The remainder of the Field Marshal's asperity rubs off on General Eisenhower, who, he notes, had never fought on a battlefield, yet rose from command of two divisions in 1942 to command in 1945 of eighty-five. He maintains that he, too, likes Ike; "Yet I must record—without any bitterness—that he alone was responsible for halting the triumphant advance of my armies in Italy in a key moment in that campaign." Alexander, like Churchill and the British high command, was dead set against the invasion of Southern France, regarding it as an unneeded diversion in view of the success of the Italian and Normandy campaigns. To make sure the reader grasps the significance of the Eisenhower decision, he quotes General Mark Clark, the only upper-echelon American who agreed with the English: "Save for a high-level blunder that turned us away from the Balkan States and permitted them to fall under Red Army control, the Mediterranean campaign might have been the most decisive of all in postwar history."

The following paragraph, however, is all too typical of the Field Marshal's book:

> On British X Corps front, Indian 8 Division was in Arsoli on 9 June and New Zealand 2 Division reached Avezzano the next day; but the corps, much impeded by demolitions and difficult hill country, did not reach Terni until the 15th. British 6 Armored Division—transferred from XIII Corps—then passed through Todi and pressed on toward Perugia, while Indian 8 Division captured Foligno. The advance on Perugia was made astride the Tiber, and the Indians were sharply engaged in the neighborhood of Bastia; but, with the abandonment of Perugia by the Germans on 20 June, the pursuit to the north was resumed.

By using thick paper, forty-eight photos of generals standing about and the like, lots of maps, and abundant white space, the publishers have tried to make this a full-sized book. It isn't; not at $5.95 it isn't. When all the fattening chaff is brushed away, the reader will find exactly 146 text pages to frown over. —Art Pearlroth.

Right

By Harold Witt

RIGHT in the redwoods, in the leafy light
and moted rays of the sun as if from above
a brilliant angel flew toward some announcement,
the young Frenchwoman, like a goddess of love,

unbuttoned her blouse and zipped her trousers off,
standing there stripped, in bands of leopardskin.
Not entirely naked, but nude enough
for all to eye the purport of proportion,

blond and tanned, rippling at belly and rib,
she tossed a baseball lightly to her friends—
as if among paper cups sunrays lit
a golden goblet on the picnic grounds.

Is it too much to say the grail was there?
Certainly an angel would have paused his sleight
before deciding, startled, to wonder dizzily
if natural magic weren't her perfect right.

Literary Horizons

Continued from page 19

separate lives, and the novel is naturally episodic. Not all the episodes, it must be granted, seem absolutely necessary: there is, for instance, a long passage, amusing but irrelevant, about a butler. Moreover, although there is at least one episode dealing with each of the girls, some of the characters are much more fully developed than others. On the other hand, Miss McCarthy is skilful in handling the transitions from episode to episode and in keeping the novel in motion. At the outset she brings all the characters together at a wedding and at the end she brings them together at a funeral, and she manages both these scenes extremely well. In short, she has solved most of the formal problems presented by her material.

I have described Miss McCarthy as a social historian, and it is perhaps as social history that the novel will chiefly be remembered; but over and above its sensitive observations it has a quality that one has not come to expect from this particular author, and that is compassion. She does not, as she might so easily have done, snicker at these eight women and the college their hopes and pretensions; she writes about them, even about the ones whom the reader is not likely to find attractive, with a generous sympathy. She is not attacking evil or ridiculing folly; she is showing the human condition.

Rather amusingly, we have another novel that resembles *The Group* in subject matter and in no other way whatsoever. Louise Tanner has written *Miss Bannister's Girls* (Farrar, Straus, $4.50) about the members of the class of 1940 at an exclusive preparatory school in New York City. (Miss Tanner, whose husband writes under the name of Patrick Dennis, was a student at Miss Chapin's School—and Vassar College.) The narrator, Nancy Young, attending an alumnae luncheon on the twentieth anniversary of her graduation, is inspired to set down some account of her classmates in school and after. One can easily imagine the types—the young nymphomaniac, the dry-as-dust scholar, the social climber, the overprotected daughter of rich parents, the worthy daughter of poor parents (the narrator), and so forth. The book is written strictly for laughs, with all the spontaneity of a situation comedy on television. It will, I think, entertain only those who are easily amused, and it has no other function. The gulf between Miss Tanner's book and Miss McCarthy's suggests something about the range of contemporary fiction.

—Granville Hicks.

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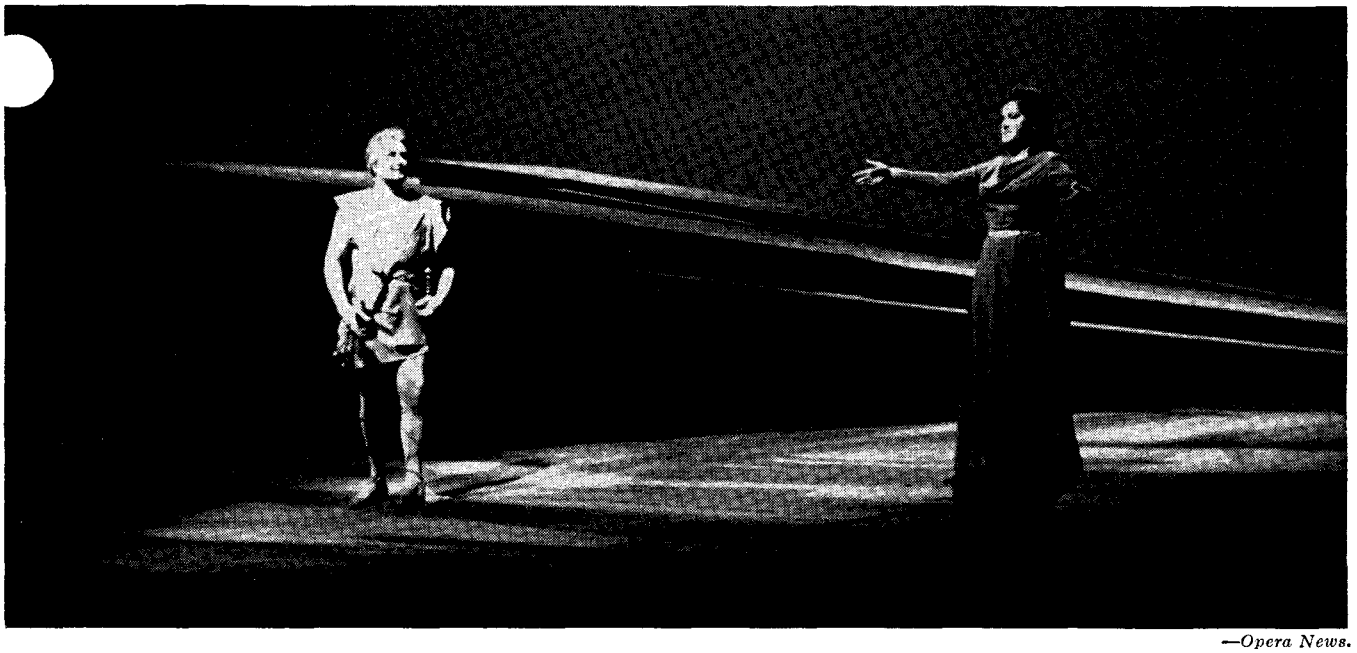

—*Opera News.*

Birgit Nilsson (right) and Wolfgang Windgassen: "a match of voices and orchestra one rarely hears in the opera house."

A First Recording of "Siegfried"

SR/RECORDINGS

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By IRVING KOLODIN

DESPITE the thousands of recordings that have come (and gone) since the introduction of the long playing record — just fifteen years ago this past June — one huge lode of great music has remained untouched and inaccessible as first one and then another rich vein was exposed and processed for home use. As music lovers without number need no reminding, this was Wagner's *Siegfried,* which does not lend itself to excerpting, highlighting, or part-packaging as readily, even, as other of the music dramas. But what London promised when it undertook its epoch-making *Rheingold* in 1958, London has performed with the issue of the first-ever recording of not merely a complete but an uncut *Siegfried* (London OSA 1508, $29.90; mono A 4508, $24.90; 4 track LOY 90062, $33.95).

This makes possible, for the first time since home recording was invented, the sequential performance of the *Ring* at the convenience and at the pleasure of anyone, anywhere. Not that many are likely to sit down, scores in hand, and perform this daylong chore without interruption, save for food and drink. But for any who cherish such an ambition, the means are at last at hand, thanks to the enterprise of London's farsighted financial arbiters, the skill of its technicians, and the artistic conscience of its music staff headed by John Culshaw, who also supervised the pioneering recording of *Rheingold.*

For those who might wonder, first off, whether the manifold opportunities this work provides for sound effects — anvil and smithing in Act I, the celebrated dragon of Act II, the contest of the Wanderer and Siegfried in Act III —have been exploited at a cost to musical results, the answer is, gratefully: No. The previously mentioned artistic conscience has kept them in the proper perspective of a fine burst of clanging and pounding, groaning and grunting, thunder and aural lightning when wanted, but never to the detriment of musical results or at a cost to Wagner's primary musical purpose as comprehended by Georg Solti.

ACCORDING to unofficial, dependable sources, Solti had not conducted *Siegfried* in the opera house prior to making a recording of it. Would I have suspected as much had I not known, or been told? Not really. There are moments here and there when it seems to me that a concern for insignificant detail takes precedence over a concern for the significant whole, but this could well become more rather than less pronounced by the time he conducts his one-hundredth *Siegfried.* This is, possibly, a personality trait rather than a

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consequence of unfamiliarity. More to the point is Solti's scrupulous concern for accuracy of rhythm and precision in verbal articulation so that, with or without reference to a score, one can almost be sure that what he is hearing is the pattern of tone as Wagner wrote it. Perhaps the most valuable trait of all in Solti's *Siegfried* is his judicial impartiality, or lack of bias toward either orchestra or voices. When Wagner's purpose sanctions the procedure, the Vienna Philharmonic is given a connoisseur's latitude to make its richest, most proclamatory effects, or, conversely, to murmur quietly in the reflective measures of the *Waldweben*. But when a conversational exchange demands precedence for the voices, he rolls out a velvet carpet of sonority to make its "guests" at home. Then again, when the moment comes for both to contribute equally to the eloquence Wagner demanded of them — as in pulsations of blood and emotion in the climaxing duet of Siegfried and Brünnhilde — there are, fortunately, two singers of unyielding strength in Wolfgang Windgassen and Birgit Nilsson, to make a match of voices and orchestra that one rarely hears in the opera house. Even so, their virtuosity hardly outstrips that of Roland Berger, the Vienna Philharmonic's principal hornist *par excellence*, who blows a simply unbelievable solo in Act II.

TAKING the impressions as they accumulate, the prognosis for Windgassen in the early moments of the first act is not too promising. This is hardly the most responsive voice that has been heard recently in this part (my preference would go for Lauritz Melchior first, as heard in the old 78 rpm disks, and Set Svanholm at the time of his American debut in 1946, second). Moreover, the problem of making the bumptious young Siegfried credible by voice alone is only slightly less difficult than the task of making him credible when he also must be seen. As his Mime, Gerhard Stolze is something of a non-singing actor; there tends to be a good deal of barking and hissing in the long scenes they share together.

However, as the act progresses through a really rousing version of the Forging Song and Siegfried has more and more opportunities to sing, Windgassen steadily adds to the esteem for his command of the role as well as for the quality of the sound he produces. And, in the end, he matches sound for sound with the sumptuous out-pouring of Nilsson as no other singer versed in the part today could approach. In a lyric way, the talented Gustav Neidlinger makes more of Alberich's music then nine-tenths of the performers who take it on.

There will, undoubtedly, be the most variance of opinion with London's decision to give the second most demanding male role in *Siegfried* to Hans Hotter. A celebrity in this repertory for years (he may be heard as Wotan in the Vienna-made portion of the prewar Act II of *Die Walküre*), Hotter makes an imposing figure of the Wanderer with no more than the sound of his voice to aid him. However it is a tremulous, consistently unsteady sound which poses some doubts, when he is first heard in Act I, as to how well he will stand up. The time conditions of a recording being vastly different from those of the opera house, Hotter bears up manfully under the burden as it is spread out. Indeed he makes quite a beautiful effect in the episode with Alberich in Act II ("Nun Alberich") as well in the agonizing exchange with Siegfried in Act III that may well have been recorded before anything else. In the end, the question must be not was it wise of London to nominate Hotter for the role at this point of his career, but rather: Who could do it nearly so well? With the exception of George London, I could not even suggest a candidate, and Hotter has years of playing experience in this part over London.

As is well (and sometimes painfully) known to its devotees, *Siegfried* is an opera in which a woman's voice is not heard for two or more hours after it begins. And then it is the off-stage warbling of the Forest Bird which provides the long-wanted contrast. London has sought to make a historic moment of this (as well as a selling point for its product) by providing Joan Sutherland as a particularly fine-feathered bird's voice. This doesn't really make the impression it should for two reasons: her German enunciation is so vague that it is difficult to tell what words she is mispronouncing; and the kind of sound she makes is not really the silvery bright tracery one wants here, being rather too broad and unfocused in the Forest Bird's range.

In the more purposeful choice of Marga Höffgen for Erda, London has directed attention to a singer whose musical and vocal talents are beautifully suited to the role's requirements. She has more of a reputation as a concert singer than an opera performer, but that is no demerit in this part. Not the equal, perhaps, in other worldly impressiveness, to some other performers of Erda in the past, Höffgen has all the means to make herself outstanding.

As for Nilsson, it is rewarding indeed to match her Brünnhilde in RCA's *Walküre* of 1961 with this *Siegfried* performance of 1962. Thus preserved is a relationship of sound spanning the two parts that conveys, in both, m of the youthful Brünnhilde than commonly heard. Looking further to the past, Miss Nilsson lacks some of the verbal finesse that Frida Leider brought to her duet (with Rudolf Laubenthal on Victor set VM-83) and Nilsson's phrasing of "Ewig war ich," quietly expressive though it is, lacks the profound thoughtfulness that Flagstad imparted to the music. All of which means, simply, that with her voice in the superbly healthy condition it is here (the two top C's are the joyous exclamation points Wagner meant them to be), Nilsson can look forward to years of polishing fine points still finer, also, to adding the *Götterdämmerung* Brünnhilde to her recorded list and completing a historic "triple."

Frozen as it is and with the inequalities that have been mentioned, this *Siegfried* is one of the richest additions to the recorded literature in years, and a boon to the Wagnerite such as he hasn't had since London's epochal *Rheingold*. For the first time, ever, a person possessed of the curiosity to see what happened, musically, to Wagner between August, 1857, when he put *Siegfried* aside at the end Act II, and September, 1864, when resumed work on it, can pursue the inquiry at leisure and in depth. (The 78 rpm's, extensive though they were, came out in a manner that defied sequential listening.) There is, clearly, a good deal of the Mime-Siegfried matter in Act I that served Wagner well for the apprentices of *Die Meistersinger*, as there was much in the experience of writing *Tristan* which strengthened his capacity to deal with the love duet of Siegfried and Brünnhilde later on. Thus in taking time out for the longest intermission in the history of opera—seven years between Acts II and III of *Siegfried*—Wagner was responsive to an inner emotional urge as well as an outer pressure of events that found justification in everything he did during, as well as after, the pause in the composition of the *Ring*.

What remains to be said about London's *Siegfried* would have to do with the manner of its processing and the totality of its recording. I can find nothing but good to say of the intelligent effort that has gone into the technical work. But its range of dynamics and frequencies so outmeasures ever high-quality equipment that its ma mum effect may remain unrevealed some time to come. The tape (of which I heard Act III) is the most brilliant recorded sound I have ever heard; its three reels reduce the interruptions to one per act.

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EISLER ON SCHOENBERG

A Conversation with Walter Lowenfels

BETWEEN HIS BIRTH in Leipzig on July 6, 1898, and his death in East Germany on Sept. 6, 1962, Hanns Eisler pursued a varied musical career that included studies with Arnold Schoenberg in Vienna, concert hall compositions in the twelve-tone idiom as well as simple, folk-like choral ensembles which have become popular in the U.S.S.R. A resident of the United States from 1932, he specialized in film work in Hollywood before he left this country in 1948 under terms of a "voluntary deportation" agreement. The following conversation, which took place some months before his death, is part of a series with persons in East Germany Mr. Lowenfels plans to issue in book form.

Hanns Eisler

THE DAY before I left Berlin, Lillian and I visited Hanns Eisler at his home. It was the first time we had met. He is short, looks somewhat like Brahms without a beard. We talked about mutual friends, the late George Antheil, ("a real talent when he was young, and before he went Hollywood"), Earl Robinson, who once studied with him, and many others. Mostly we talked about his music and Arnold Schoenberg.

W.L. You were a pupil of Schoenberg?

H.E. Of course.

W.L. Schoenberg is thought of by some formalist, a composer for a handful of initiates. . . . You, his pupil, are spoken of as a peoples' composer. . .

H.E. I don't need to quote the Chinese slogan, "A person who doesn't honor his teacher is worse than a dog," to tell you that Schoenberg is one of the greatest composers, and not only of the 20th century either. He is a master whose originality is astounding. His influence was, and continues to be, enormous.

W.L. Don't you have any qualifications about him?

H.E. Of course, but I find his weaknesses more attractive than the excellences of many others. He is a signpost in the history of music.

W.L. You don't consider his music decadent?

H.E. Decay and decline of the bourgoisie, of course! But what a sunset!

W.L. Which of his do your prefer?

H.E. In his opera, *From Today to Tomorrow*, to speak frankly, the text is terrible. And yet, Schoenberg, using twelve-tone scale, has written such skilful score that the banality of the text disappears, and the whole work shines with the light of his music.

W.L. I don't know this opera. How about his better-known works?

H.E. About his youthful music, *Die Gurrelieder*, *Verklärte Nacht*, and *Pelleas und Mélisande*, it's enough to say that those are, of course, the works of a young genius. Despite Wagnerian and Brahmsian influences, they have many original pages. Others still show the characteristic trends of traditional harmonies and techniques. After the super-romantic excesses and pseudo-symphonic "musicness" (if that word is permissible in English), his music begins to transcend classical forms. In the String Quartet, Opus 10, for instance, there are already a few passages that go far beyond middle-class emotions. Already you can hear the warning of catastrophes.

W.L. I don't know this work, nor most of his later music.

H.E. I dealt with them in an article a few years ago.

W.L. What did Schoenberg want to achieve with his later style?

H.E. It is highly private, subjective music, such as has very seldom appeared in the history of music. It can best be compared to the last piano sonatas and quartets of Beethoven.

W.L. People complain that he became incomprehensible.

H.E. Schoenberg swam against the stream. His music was not comfortable, not elevated; it clarified nothing. It neither triumphed nor conquered. It had a quality, a basic note of desperation that more than anything else was unacceptable to audiences. I am speaking of music Schoenberg had already written before World War I. He did not conform. That is his humanity and his historical merit. Long before the discovery of H-bombs, he expressed the emotions of people in air-raid shelters. His music made it clear that the world was not pretty.

W.L. Don't you consider art a relationship between the art and an audience?

H.E. Schoenberg made such demands on listeners that his music broke out of the limits of the concert hall. For him, audiences were audiences. He did not know he was turning toward a musically educated elite, that he was writing music for the connoisseur. He didn't understand or trust the average mass of people.

W.L. Isn't that an arrogant approach?

H.E. It wasn't a matter of arrogance. It was the attitude of a highly cultured bourgeois specialist. The cultured, middle-class *cognoscenti* were his public, before they were destroyed in Vienna.

W.L. What about your thesis on the relationship of classical and folk music?

H.E. Schoenberg had great fun with folk music. He reworked folk songs in an unusual way. In his own work he could not take off from folk music. He considered it a primitive forerunner compared to classical music. However, in his most advanced pages one hears elements of folk music. They sound as if ghosts of vanished folk songs had been summoned to echo among catastrophes. The works of his middle atonal period I consider the most important things he wrote. They lead nowhere. They are magnificent blind alleys. Then Schoenberg discovered the twelve-tone technique of composing.

W.L. Can the average listener respond to those inventions in the twelve-tone scale?

H.E. This way of composing includes much that is unnatural, that's true. But anyone who wants to polemicize about it should be told that the conception of "naturalness" in music is extremely questionable. It is neither simple nor easy to find in artistic beauty a quality that is abstractly natural. In tonality, too, there are many unnatural elements —the minor scale, for instance. It was absolutely essential, historically, to discover the art of twelve-tone scale composition.

W.L. But who can hear this music?

H.E. Everyone is not gifted to hear the involution of the reversal of a theme. Schoenberg's unerring ear, his astounding power of presentation, are not given to all. And so I warn possessors of modest ears, and a weaker power of presentation, against a mechanical adoption

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of his methods. Frankly, only Schoenberg, and to some extent, Anton von Webern and Alban Berg, succeeded.

W.L. How do you see his role in the musical tradition?

H.E. Classical form and twelve-tone technique are incompatible. One has to force them together. So there arise unusual dislocations, violences. The forcing of material is a wholly legitimate practice. Nature is compelled to fit the needs and purposes of art. Schoenberg broadened the expressive scope of music. The discoveries of the classical and romantic period are lacking – clarity, nobility, grace, humor, battle and victory. Grief, desolation, depression, frustration turn into hysteria. Lyricism becomes a broken, brittle game. Honor becomes, as in *Pierrot Lunaire*, grotesque. The basic emotion is one of agony. That is an addition to musical literature.

W.L. What about his influence today?

H.E. Schoenberg's role as teacher and theoretician is no less important than his work as composer. But this isn't the time to go into his esthetic theories. Those who know how superficially music is taught in the conservatories will value his contributions to musical pedagogy. It isn't generally known that Schoenberg was strictly conservative as a teacher. He once said to me: "I cannot teach freedom. Each one has to get hold of freedom for himself." He raised hell with anyone who tried to smuggle Schoenbergian turns into exercises.

W.L. You are speaking with me here in East Berlin, capital of a socialist country. How can you talk this way about Schoenberg's music which is unintelligibile to workers and most average people anywhere in the world?

H.E. The tens of millions of workers and farmers now living in noncapitalist countries will, for the present, get nothing, or very little out of Schoenberg's music. They have other and more urgent tasks. In the realm of music, that job is the liquidation of musical illiteracy. Only after that, and after the most complex classical music has become familiar to people, can Schoenberg be on the agenda for discussion.

W.L. What will happen then?

H.E. I am not pessimistic about the results. I don't know how many of his works will remain alive. But he will be esteemed as one who despised clichés. The social order into which he was born, he didn't prettify or glorify. He didn't whitewash anything. He held a mirror up before his time and his class. What one sees there wasn't by any means pretty. But it was the truth.

Karajan and the "Nine"

EVER so often, on meeting a startling performance of a classic, a valid and freshly conceived approach, one must adjust not only to the playing but to the music itself, for in readings by conductors of great personal force, traditions so long familiar that they have seemed part of the score are likely to be scrapped and the work takes on a different aspect. An experience of this kind can be unsettling in that it opens new areas of thought—and sometimes of doubt—concerning the composer. Herbert von Karajan's recent recording with the Berlin Philharmonic of all nine Beethoven symphonies (Deustche Grammophon Gesellschaft SKL 101/8. 8 records, $47.95, mono or stereo) is a case in point.

Since the technical aspects of the new album are not extraordinary, let us pass over them quickly. There is little "presence" in the orchestra tone, which seems remote. The sensation persists of a taped broadcast rather than of a creatively planned recording. In its gray neutrality, this DGG release lies at the other end of the spectrum from the London *Salome*, which, however controversial, does have the merit of color and imagination.

And here begins the reviewer's confusion. Why should Herbert von Karajan, the most famous conductor in Europe, have assented to a recording which does not do his orchestra tonal justice? Or did he have reasons for doing so which elude the listener? There is no way of knowing. Let us, then, skirt the question and concentrate on interpretation. There is no need, either, to dwell on the mechanics of performance (they are excellent), since with von Karajan these have come to be taken for granted. With the exception of a minor bobble in the *Eroica*, the playing is perfect throughout.

As I understand him, von Karajan —despite surface qualities of personal glamor—is an ascetic conductor, more interested in architectural truth than expressive contour. He has stripped the nine symphonies of all expressive liberties, gone even farther than the late Arturo Toscanini in his adherence to the letter of the music. Toscanini did fill out certain phrases instinctively with unmarked dynamic expansion. Karajan stands more squarely within the law. His probity is complete. Yet in cutting away excess drama, the conductor has deprived the music of a compensating element for, let's face it, some of Beethoven's melodic inspirations are not of prime cut. They need help; and rhythmical assistance alone, is not enough.

Beethoven, stripped of expressive superstructure, reminds one of those ruined palaces on the Palatine which bulk impressively even today. A ruddy mass of brick, their marble facing long since vanished, they hold the affection only of the trained archeologist. And as directed by von Karajan—classically, without those rhetorical additions from years back that culminated, for concert-goers of our time, in the performances of Furtwängler—this music can be severe. A rhythmical inner life and architectural organization replace the broad gesture, the imperious thrust. And an idea takes shape within the listener that Beethoven-the-Titan might have been a legend all along, a product of his nineteenth-century interpreters. An even more embarrassing thought comes into play. What if one were to prefer the legend to reality? There are moments in the new set when Beethoven's laconic quality seems overdone not by the conductor, who has rendered the score too faithfully, but by the composer. I am afraid that von Karajan, with his contemporary directness, has exposed many weaknesses in these symphonies we have not been used to hearing. The romantic tendency in performance has been to highlight the great peaks, "throw away" the inner doodling. In the new album, accompaniment figures are shown up in a merciless white light; and one ventures to think that the old technique of shading this music rather than of presenting it unvarnished, was the better.

The reader should not conclude from the above that the Karajan performances are without spark. Many of them —especially a treasurable reading of the Second Symphony—are superb. One only regrets that, given this great conductor, perhaps the finest of his generation, the sum total has not been more expressively realized. The mocking humor in the Scherzo of the *Pastorale* and the Allegretto of the Eighth, the lack of thunderbolt grandeur in the opening movement of the Ninth—all subjective touches but part of the Beethoven tradition—worry the

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listener about the nature of the music. Have these dramatic touches that one so used to been nothing but ches for prima-donna conductors? is the composer, in the unflattering light of a candid new photograph, less perfect than we had supposed?

The First Symphony is ably and respectfully performed, but without the virtuoso finish (I have in mind Toscanini's treatment of the last movement) needed to give it significance. In contrast, the Second reveals von Karajan at his best: masterfully molded phrases, ingratiating tone (in so far as DGG engineering permits), and—above all—communicative impact. The Larghetto is captivating, its tempo just right, its texture a model of clarity.

The Third boasts vital rhythms, an organ-like sound, interpretative majesty in some pages (notably the finale) along with coldly analytical stretches in others. The mastery of detail in this complex score is dazzling. Good music-making marks von Karajan's performance of the Fourth; but best of the entire set is the Fifth, in which the conductor's rhythmic mastery gives off great excitement. Nor does he neglect the symphony's lyrical moments. The cello line of the second ement is meltingly beautiful.

the Sixth, one feels a prevailing ack of warmth, a *Pastorale* too carefully molded, with sparse feeling for the genre touches in which the work abounds. No such limitations affect von Karajan's approach to the Seventh, which offers modern symphonic conducting at its best. Who else can command so inexorable a rhythmic sense, build climaxes on so finely graded a scale? The Eighth, ordinarily performed as a playful piece, has unique power in the new set. Some of the humor is lost, but there are compensating gains in solidity.

It is in the Ninth that von Karajan's classical approach yields the least happy results. Much beautiful playing has been achieved, especially in the slow movement, but of Beethoven-the-Titan there is hardly a trace. The Ninth calls for more than musicality. Of the four vocal soloists, Walter Berry, bass-baritone, fares most successfully. The two ladies—Gundula Janowitz, soprano, and Hilde Rössel-Majdan, contralto—are passable; and Waldemar Kmentt, tenor, is less than that. One recalls the days of great sts in this finale. The chorus is the er Singverein.

asked to name one quality common to von Karajan's conducting, of all the Nine, I should answer: his superb professionalism. Here, even when he puzzles or disconcerts, he is a master.

—Robert Lawrence.

Rehearsed But Not Revealed

DEUTSCHE Grammophon is celebrating its sponsorship of a new release of the Beethoven symphonies under Karajan with a special disc of extracts from a rehearsal for the finale of the Ninth. It is not available to the general public, but, the jacket tells us, is being given as "a musical greeting to friends of the company."

Critics may or may not find themselves *a priori* in the latter group, but the rehearsal record prompts some thoughts on its own in any case. If Karajan entertains strong personal convictions about "An die Freude," he has either reserved them for unrecorded sessions or hoped to convey them to his men indirectly. What the record does reflect is the work of a no-nonsense technician, one who is primarily concerned with isolating problems of nuance and dynamics, and who knows exactly how to solve them.

Karajan demonstrates some effective interpretative devices. To achieve the "tired" sound desired at one point from the strings, for instance, he asks the players to sustain a single note until it is almost wholly lacking in resonance, and to reproduce that effect when the appropriate moment comes in the symphony. The maestro also knows how to remind the orchestra who is boss. Calling upon a little humor at the expense of his men, he accuses them of reverting to *Light Cavalry* in the march section, and asks a classical embarrassing question when the linear structure is muddled at another point: "By the way, who has the secondary lines here?" Not a single member of the Berlin Philharmonic knows the answer.

In general, Karajan seems to treat the instrumentalists much as he treats Beethoven: with cool respect. "*Meine Herren,*" he calls them, and it is as well-bred gentlemen that they respond to his instructions. As experienced here, Karajan emerges neither as one of those conductors who overwhelms the orchestra with verbal essays, nor as one who makes the players do all the work. His commands are terse, to the point, and frequently illustrated in the slightly inaccurate sing-song peculiar to baton virtuosi.

Although the entire movement from the initial bass entry on is reproduced in its final form at the end of the record, the remaining 1¼ sides are devoted to Karajan working with the orchestra, not with the singers. This is regrettable, for it would have been enlightening to hear the conductor's reactions to Berry's unorthodox phrasing of the opening recitative (the celli do it differently), or to Kmentt's trouble with the tenor solo, or to the sweet-voiced Janowitz's ascent to the high B at the end (like every soprano I have heard, she delays Beethoven's *diminuendo* marking).

"*Die Hauptsache ist die Schönheit,*" the high-pitched voice with the slight Viennese tinge tells his subjects at the outset—"The most important thing is beauty." But, in the end, Karajan sometimes sacrifices beauty for other considerations. The rehearsal record could have told us why, but doesn't. —M.B.

Karajan—". . . perhaps the finest of his generation."

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Recordings in Review

Davis on Berlioz, Menuhin on Viola

BERLIOZ: *Harold in Italy. Colin Davis conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra, with Yehudi Menuhin, viola.* Angel stereo S 36123, $5.98.

Some may find the principal attraction of this new version of *Harold in Italy* to be the participation of Yehudi Menuhin as solo violist. That is reasonable enough, for all the fact that Berlioz created the work for no less illustrious a violinist than Nicolai Paganini. In these days of specialization, Paganini's artistic descendants, to a man, have left the privilege to such viola virtuosi as William Primrose and Emanuel Vardi (both excellent violinists before they took up the larger, deeper instrument), or the principals of an orchestra's viola section, such as Heinz Kirchner of the Berlin Philharmonic, whose version with that ensemble led by Igor Markevitch (Decca DL 9841) was and is one of the best. Menuhin clearly demonstrates that with a little application an artist of his quality can achieve results that equal or surpass the best specialists.

If all this results in a wider attention than a new version of *Harold in Italy* might attract ordinarily, that is all to the good for the reputation of Colin Davis, who leads the Philharmonia Orchestra in one of the most refined, carefully detailed playings of this score it has yet had on records. Indeed, the sensitivity and coloristic sophistication of the "March of the Pilgrims" is an achievement of absolute merit not to be qualified by his age category (35) or relatively recent emergence on the world stage of symphony conductors. The concluding "Orgy of the Brigands" is more than a little headlong and tonally strident, but the gusto it conveys is not to be minimized.

For Menuhin, this is an opportunity to utilize his long-admired artistry without peril of those tonal inequalities (especially in the violin's higher register) to which we have become all too accustomed in recent years. He is just about the ideal of a collaborator in this work, measuring every nuance of Berlioz's thought for the meaning it contains, and articulating some phrases, especially in the opening movement, as one has rarely heard them. Everything about the reproduction commands enthusiasm.

George Copeland: "frank, non-effete . . . musical pleasure."

Copeland at 81

DEBUSSY: *La Cathédrale engloutie, Suite Bergamasque, Et la lune descend sur le temple qui fût, Le petit berger, Danse Sacrèe, Canope.* DEBUSSY-COPLAND: *L'Après-midi d'un faune.* GRANADOS: *La Playera.* ALBENIZ: *Cordoba.* PITTALUGA: *Solita.* George Copeland, piano. Constance Wardle, 360 West 57th St., New York, N.Y., $5.50.

There are several remarkable things about this recording, of which the least is that George Copeland had passed his eighty-first birthday when it was made on May 16, 1963. Or even that he had survived, to play again, after a bad fall and a broken arm in 1958. What is really remarkable is the directness, candor and forthright musical statement in a repertory more often glossed over than fully exposed.

For those whose record collecting might post-date the last mention of Copeland in SR (5/30/53) he may be identified as one of the few active pianists who can claim personal affiliation with Debussy. For that matter, his distinctions extend even further, to 1905, when he gave the first American performances of music by this French composer whose works had come to his attention by chance.

How closely Copeland's conceptions coincide with those of the composer must remain, for us today, a matter of conjecture. But it is no conjecture at all to say that such beautifully chiseled outlines, such definition of rhythm and accent, such close knit phrasing—even in the ordinarily torn and tattered *Clair de lune*—would please any composer. The sonorities on the whole are more a matter of touch than pedaling than those favored by some other distinguished exponents of this repertory—as for example, C king—but they complement per the frank, non-effete, unperfumed musical pleasure Copeland conveys in these performances. This includes the intimate and highly personalized performance of his own transcription of *L'Après-midi d'un faune.* Here and there one must make allowances for dropped notes or a scrambled passage. Peter Bartok's recording skills have contributed much to letting Copeland sound like Copeland.

Toscanini in Philadelphia

SCHUBERT: *Symphony No. 9 in C. Arturo Toscanini conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra.* RCA Victor Soria Series LD 2663, $5.98.

So much has been said, both off and on the record, about the recordings made by Arturo Toscanini with the Philadelphia Orchestra in 1941 (and hitherto unreleased for a variety of reasons) that one was almost prepared to qualify them for the *Great Recordings of the Century* series hearing unheard. Now that the first of them—in which the shortcomings due to satisfactory wartime materials assertedly been overcome by contemporary methods of restoration—is finally available for audition, my judgment must be rather otherwise.

As happens all too consistently with orchestral reproduction of a bygone era, the comparative values are not nearly what they may have seemed at the time (both the bass and the treble are deficient in the definition that is customary today). More disaffecting than this however—which can be forgiven in suitable artistic circumstance or overlooked entirely if the experience is sufficiently rewarding—is the treatment of the work itself, well-remembered from numerous performances during Toscanini's lifetime and previously documented on a recording with the NBC Symphony.

Now as well as then, I find his conception of Schubert's purpose deficient in tonal warmth and flexibility of statement, hasty (as in his accelerated estimate of the opening movement's Allegro ma non troppo, which leads to some odd slowing down later) and—there is no other word—strenuous, as in the slow movement. In both, as the humorless Scherzo and the insistent Finale, there are prodigie beautiful execution, but too often in a Draconic manner at variance with the humane sentiments of Schubert. The Soria presentation is typically tasteful. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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The Real "Ariadne"?

RICHARD STRAUSS: *"Ariadne auf Naxos." Maria Reining, Alda Noni, Irmgard Seefried, Emmy Loose, Elisabeth Rutgers, sopranos; Melanie Frutschnigg, mezzo; Max Lorenz, Peter Klein, Richard Sallaba, Josef Witt, tenors; Paul Schöffler, Erich Kunz, baritones; Marjan Rus, bass; and others with Karl Böhm conducting the Orchestra of the Vienna State Opera.* Deutsche Grammophon 18850/2, $17.94.

ALTHOUGH nearly half of Strauss's operatic output is still neglected on LP, *Ariadne* has been lucky. Karajan led a poetic recording on Angel in 1955, and this was seconded five years later by a respectable if less brilliant stereo version on RCA under Leinsdorf. Straussians with a knowledge of activities in wartime Vienna, however, have been reluctant to endorse either set. They insist neither measures up to the special performance Böhm put on for Strauss's eightieth birthday in 1944. That, they invariably add, was "a real *Ariadne*!"

Now, DGG has dug into the archives of the Austrian Radio to exhume the nineteen-year-old performance, and with it some questions as to what constitutes a definitive recording. The Vienna critic Heinrich Kralik obviously sides with the Ringstrasse *Ariadne*-advocates. His album notes refer to the cast members, without qualification, as "the best possible Strauss interpreters of their time," glossing over the possibility that others of comparable stature might have been active elsewhere—by choice or otherwise. And without batting a journalistic eyelash, he claims that the performance in question boasted "an ideal cast," and that it "has today lost nothing of its perfection." (Some of Kralik's space might have been better used, by the way, for data on the singers unfamiliar to U.S. audiences.)

The new (old) *Ariadne* is indeed an excellent one, even though it discloses the basic vice—haphazard sound as well as the virtue—vitality—that is most "live" recordings. The cast is appropriate, for the most part, and Böhm justifies his pedigree as a Straussian. Nevertheless, one hesitates to label the DGG *Ariadne* "perfect." Its sound is flawed, even by 1944 standards; the microphone(s?) were evidently placed in the orchestra pit, at the expense of the singers, and there is invariable distortion in high soprano passages. Also, Strauss's toughest vocal problems receive only compromise solutions from some of the cast, despite the fact that the composer himself was present and testified his approval in a note of thanks to the performers afterwards.

If one were not conditioned by the extraordinary clarity and fidelity to the score demonstrated by Angel, one might be willing to accept DGG's *Ariadne* as the model it pretends to be. Comparing the two, however, one begins to suspect that one represents a realistic opera-house standard at its best, while the other is superior musically but so perfect in some respects that it seems artificial. The "live" performance remains a notable document in any case, and should attract all Strauss fanciers, except those who prefer not to jar fond and/or faulty memories.

THE Böhm of Vienna, 1944, offered a faster, less sensitively detailed reading than the Böhm of New York, 1962. Some of the differences can be attributed to age (the conductor's *and* the performance's). But since each approach is convincing in its own way, one need not press judgment.

To make the conflicting criteria of studio and theater recordings clear, one should examine the relative merits of the DGG and Angel Ariadne and Zerbinetta, side by side. Schwarzkopf did some of her most exquisite and deeply felt singing in the title role on the Angel set, and DGG's Maria Reining cannot compete with her technically. But is Schwarzkopf a real Ariadne? One fears not: her basically fragile soprano probably would be unequal to the role's heavyweight climaxes in the opera house, and, as a matter of fact, she has never sung Ariadne on the stage. Reining, on the other hand, has more suitable equipment at her disposal, and she uses it to project a good deal of radiant tone and unmannered emotion. Yet, unlike Schwarzkopf, she is forced to chop in half that seemingly endless opening phrase of her monologue ("Ein schönes war"), a bad habit now threatening to become a tradition. And she is short of breath elsewhere too.

Irmgard Seefried, 1944: "the most memorable of DGG's principals. . . ."

DGG's Alda Noni, a pert coloratura from Trieste, approximates Zerbinetta's almost inhuman vocal demands more successfully than any famous postwar competitor, excepting Rita Streich on Angel. Streich's recorded Zerbinetta, however, may be a phenomenon of the splicing apparatus and repeated "take," for its incredible accuracy and ease were never approached in the three performances of the part this reviewer has heard her sing in public.

As for the men, Max Lorenz's DGG Bacchus may be the most authentic on records, for he is the only true *Heldentenor* represented. Unfortunately, he also exhibits much of the constricted tone and sloppy execution that seem to be an occupational hazard for German singers of his voice classification. Leading a robust quartet of clowns, Erich Kunz offers a charming Harlekin, suffering only from a tendency to flat on top, and Schöffler was a splendid, sympathetic Music Master in 1944, as he is today.

STILL, the most memorable of DGG's principals is Seefried, whose Composer was repeated with more maturity but less ardor in the Karajan version. Her double duty—she is the only singer to appear in more than one recording—serves to underscore the mistake made by the Met when it entrusted the role to a mezzo. Only a soprano can ride the crucial climactic passages of the prologue ("Musik ist eine heilige Kunst") with the ease needed for maximum impact, and Seefried does just that.

How, one wonders, did the aging Strauss feel that night in June, 1944, when he heard the performance DGG has recaptured? There can be little doubt he was pleased. But one suspects his inner ear heard quite another kind of *Ariadne*. Angel's, too-good-to-be-true or not, probably comes closer to it.

—MARTIN BERNHEIMER.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: ORCHESTRAL LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Symphony No. 4 in B flat, Op. 60; *Leonore* Overture No. 3. George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra. Epic Stereo BC 1264, $5.98.	No. 4 is perhaps the least played of the nine, and offers a rich opportunity for the conductor whose ear is attuned to its special scale of values. Szell's treatment is clever and painstaking, but also a little heartless in denying those values full expression. His prevailing tendency, as I hear it, is to overstress dynamics and tonal values, generally, in an exposition which inclines to make something larger than life-sized of this work, orchestrally. The *Leonore* No. 3 is also hard driven, with more of the whip than this warhorse should require.
Elgar: *Enigma* Variations; *Cockaigne* Overture. Sir John Barbirolli conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 36120, $4.98.	Barbirolli is contesting for honors, in his performance of the Variations, with versions by Toscanini and Beecham, but he achieves a totality which adds something to the sum of the music as stated by them. This has to do, in the first place, with a broader, more spacious feeling for Elgar's melodic idiom, plus a closer, more detailed appreciation of the niceties of Elgar's scoring. Some sense of the spacious may be understood from the need to break the first side after the thirteenth variation with the final five minutes alone on side two. This is a distraction but not sufficient to detract from the quality of Barbirolli's effort. His *Cockaigne* suggests London on an uncommonly windy day, but it is animated.
Haydn: Symphonies Nos. 88 and 98. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Eugen Jochum. Deutsche Grammophon LPM 18823, $5.98; stereo 138823, $6.98.	As well as ranking high among the best recordings achieved by Jochum, this is close to the best Haydn heard from anyone since the bright days of Beecham (always excepting the recent *Paris* set by Ansermet). What is most gratifying about Jochum's performance is that he achieves a hearty, musically stimulating character of his own without distorting Haydn's or imitating the manner of Beecham, Toscanini, or Furtwaengler. This begins with meticulous attention to the composer's specifications, rather more sonority in the strings than is common in Haydn, vigorous dynamics and generally animated tempi. The two menuettos are perhaps the least rewarding movements of the eight, but the quality of execution is up to the high standard that prevails elsewhere. The annotation identifies Wolfgang Meyer as harpsichordist, but his instrument is rarely audible. Sizeable sound, well proportioned.
Mozart: Concerto in C (K. 299). Marcel Grandjany, harp, and Samuel Baron, flute, with Musica Aeterna Orchestra conducted by Frederic Waldman. Handel: Concerto in B flat, Op. 4, No. 6. Grandjany, harp, with orchestra conducted by Waldman. Decca DL 710075, $5.98.	There is a more than slight tinge of caste in these performances, beginning with the larger billing for Grandjany than Baron on the face of the record container, and continuing with the edge of favor Grandjany enjoys vis-a-vis the microphone, and the overlong, uninteresting cadenza self-writttn for the Handel. He is, of course, a fine instrumentalist and in very good form here, but the impression is hard to escape that the instrumentalist is the dominant factor rather than the music he performs. The unidentified cadenza for the first movement of Mozart does more for the players than for the listener.
Rochberg: Symphony No. 1. Luke: Symphony No. 2. Robert Whitney conducting the Louisville Orchestra. Louisville 634, $7.95.	Both the Rochberg First Symphony of 1948-49 and the undated Second Symphony of Ray Luke sho a sure command of orchestral values and the ability to sustain a musical conception over a fair span of time. It is, however, rather disconcerting to find the same traces of Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps* in both works, as if one had reversed sides in error. The real problem is that, assimilate it as they will, the Stravinsky idiom of that work—as of many others—remains a very difficult one for others to personalize. This first contact with a work of Luke suggests that Oklahoma City has a composer of considerable talent in its midst.
Strauss, J.: *Spanischer Marsch, Demolirer* Polka, *Du and Du, Rosen aus dem Süden,* and *G'schichten aus dem Wiener Wald* waltzes. Strauss, J., Sr.: *Radetzky Marsch.* Strauss, Josef: *Eingesendet* Polka and *Brennende Liebe* Polka-Mazurka. Strauss, Eduard: *Bahn Frei* Polka. Willi Boskovsky and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, with Anton Karas, zither. London CM 9340, $4.98; stereo 6340, $5.98.	Though the Vienna Philharmonic has not found a conductor with the breeding or aptitude to replace such masters of the Strauss literature as Kleiber or Krauss, it has perpetuated its own breeding and aptitude under the violin-playing leadership of its concertmaster, W. Boskovsky. Doubtless there is some loss in polish and personality, but some gain also in the relaxation and freshness of style in the altered approach. Thanks are due also to Boskovsky for varying the most played pieces with such less familiar specialties as the *Spanischer Marsch* and the *Demolirer* Polka of Johann, Jr., as well as the two delightful dance pieces by brother Josef. Karas performs the zither interludes of the *Tales* with zest as well as refinement. Bright well-balanced sound.
Tippett: Concerto for Double String Orchestra. The Moscow Chamber Orchestra and the Bath Festival Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Rudolf Barshai. Prokofiev: *Visions Fugitives,* op. 22. Barshai conducting the Moscow Chamber Orchestra. Angel 35981, $4.98; stereo S 35981, $5.98.	It is a high credit to Barshai and his excellent players that they had the enterprise to participate in this performance of Tippett's work; but it is no compliment to his own compatriots (or to program-makers here) that so fine a work has had to wait nearly twenty-five years after its creation in 1939 for a recording. It doubtless owes something to Vaughan Williams' *Tallis* fantasy, in design and tonal concept, but it is wholly Tippert's own in zest, animation, and beauty of sound. Despite their pianistic orientation, Prokofiev's pieces suit their new character as arranged by Barshai. Both performances reflect the virtuosity of the Russian string players and the exceeding close knit of their ensemble is superbly conveyed by the recording.
Wagner: Prelude to *Parsifal,* Prelude to Act III *Tannhäuser,* "Entrance of the Gods into Valhalla" *(Das Rheingold),* "Ride of the Valkyries" *(Die Walküre),* "Forest Murmurs" *(Siegfried),* and "Siegfried's Rhine Journey" *(Götterdämmerung).* Otto Klemperer conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 35947, $4.98.	To judge from this evidence, Klemperer should be just the man to supervise a new *Parsifal* for the phonograph, if and when it is in order. He has the proper sense of repose and a finely modulated orchestral sound that surpasses the effect, even, of Knappertsbusch in this music. The prelude to Act III of *Tannhäuser* is also beautifully formulated. The *Ring* excerpts are given in a rather matter-of-fact way which deprives them of sweep and effect. The solo horn playing in the "Rhine Journey" is brazenly carefree, in defiance of all difficulty, and the recording throughout is first class. However, a new disc, factory sealed, was pitted and full of crackles on first usage.
Yardumian: Symphony No. 1, Violin Concerto. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra with Anshel Brusilow, violin. Columbia ML 5862, $4.98; stereo MS 6462, $5.98.	The Violin Concerto appeals to my taste as the more interesting and satisfactory of the two work. for two related reasons. The composer's lyric impulse flows more naturally into the relationship of solo string instrument and orchestra, and the working out of the solo part lends an element of consecutive interest lacking in the symphony. In the concerto, too, the elements of aspiration and execution are in much better balance. Brusilow performs the part for his instrument with fluency and excellent sound. Ormandy's effort is consistently good, though more productive in the Concerto than in the Symphony. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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The Mis-tuned Violin

HEINRICH FRANZ BIBER: *15 Sonatas for Scordatura Violin (The "Biblical" or "Mystery" Sonatas) and Passacaglia for Solo Violin. Sonya Monosoff, violin; Melville Smith, organ and harpsichord; Janos Scholz, viola da gamba; John Miller, bassoon. Cambridge Records CRM 811, $14.97; stereo CRS 811, $17.97.*

THESE sonatas, recorded for the first time, are of unusual historical interest. Heinrich Biber (1644-1704), a Bohemian by birth, was considered the foremost Austro-German violinist of his time. A contemporary of Corelli and Lully, Biber showed remarkable independence in his treatment of the violin: he stressed polyphonic playing, which was to become the hallmark of the German baroque school. Here are the roots of Bach's *Chaconne*, composed almost half a century later.

Of particular technical interest is Biber's extensive use of the so-called *scordatura*, literally "mis-tuning," of the violin. Each of these sonatas, with the exception of the first, requires a tuning of the strings different from the normal G – D – A – E, and no two tunings are alike. By raising or lowering the pitch of the strings, new and unusual chordal combinations become possible. Furthermore, the tone quality of the violin changes with each "mis-tuning." The technique of *scordatura* remained a popular device beyond the 18th century; even Paganini achieved some of his startling effects by clever tuning of his instrument.

But Biber was also inventive as a musician. The fifteen violin sonatas are among the earliest examples of "program music," though this term must be applied with caution. Biber disdained a "program" by means of words or descriptive titles. He chose instead an unusual "pictorial" method: a small engraved vignette, placed at the head of each sonata, was to convey the mood to be expressed by the music. These engravings (reproduced on the album cover of the present set) illustrate the fifteen Mysteries from the life of Jesus and the Virgin Mary, whom the composer intended to glorify. It must be admitted, however, that the connection between the Biblical topics and the music is tenuous, often quite obscure. Thus *The Flagellation of Christ* (Sonata VII) is depicted rather incongruously by a jolly Allemande and Sarabande, and *Christ's Crowning with Thorns* (Sonata VIII) seems equally unfitting in its gaiety. On the other hand, many of the sonatas are deeply felt and affecting, as for example *The Suffering of Christ on the Mount of Olives* (Sonata VI), *Christ on the Way to Calvary* (Sonata IX), *The Crucifixion* (Sonata X), and *The Resurrection* (Sonata XI). The latter, most appropriately, incorporates the resurrection hymn *Surrexit Christus Hodie*. A joyous piece is *The Ascension* (Sonata XII) where Christ is pictured as a Prince arriving at his court; he is welcomed by a trumpet air in which the violin imitates the sound of brass instruments through double and triple stops. More restrained, yet festive is *The Ascension of the Holy Virgin* (Sonata XIV) where the idea of ascension is symbolized by rising scales. A piece of stately grandeur is Sonata XV depicting *The Coronation of the Virgin*, with a theme foreshadowing the "Amen" chorus of Handel's *Messiah*.

Not part of the cycle of Mysteries but equally "programmatic" is the final work in this collection, a *Passacaglia* in G minor for unaccompanied violin in normal tuning. Composed for the Feast of St. Michael, its topic—according to the vignette—is *The Guardian Angel*. Since *Passacaglia* and *Chaconne* are closely related forms of baroque music—both are variations in stately triple meter—a comparison between Biber's *Passacaglia* and Bach's *Chaconne* suggests itself, especially as both are composed for unaccompanied violin. While Biber's work lacks Bach's towering imagination, it is a meritorious "forerunner," and certain technical procedures point to Bach's acquaintance with Biber's achievements.

Heinrich Franz Biber

The Biblical sonatas remained unpublished during Biber's lifetime. It is assumed that they were written around 1674. The composer dedicated the manuscript collection to his patron and employer, the Archbishop of Salzburg. For this recording, the scholarly, though not infallible, edition of the *Denkmäler der Tonkunst in Oesterreich* (vol. 25) was used. The performances were prepared with obvious musicological care: the embellishments are in good taste, the realization of the figured bass is handled with accuracy and imagination. By alternating the keyboard parts between organ and harpsichord, and by assigning either viola da gamba or bassoon to reinforce the bass line, a welcome variety of sound was achieved. The authenticity of the performance was enhanced by the use of old instruments.

Sonya Monosoff is the excellent violin soloist. The use of *scordatura* poses many mental and digital problems. In this performance, six different violins (from the Rembert Wurlitzer Collection) were used, each of which needed several weeks of "settling down" to the strange tuning. Miss Monosoff solves the tricky aspects of intonation with assurance, and her restrained use of vibrato is especially commendable. Her phrasing reveals a marked affinity for baroque music. Perhaps she could have used a greater variety of bowings—why disregard the original *staccato* markings of the composer? The *Passacaglia* would have profited by more tonal shadings and stricter voice-leading. But these are minor reservations in an otherwise impressive performance. Her able partners were the late Dr. Melville Smith at the keyboard instruments, Janos Scholz, viola da gamba, and John Miller, basson. The program notes provide useful information but should have been edited with greater care. An essay on Biber's life and music by Dr. Paul Nettl, the distinguished Bohemian (not German) musicologist, is erudite but somewhat labored. The over-all sound of the recordings and the delicate balance of instruments is highly satisfactory. The performers, as well as Cambridge Records, deserve congratulations on their enterprising spirit in selecting a repertory off the beaten track. One looks forward to a second set of Biber's violin sonatas, recorded by the same artists and to be released later this year.

—BORIS SCHWARZ.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: MISCELLANEOUS LP

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Adam: "Mes amis, écoutez l'histoire" (*Le Postillon de Longjumeau*) Thomas: "Elle ne croyait pas" and "Adieu, Mignon" *(Mignon);* Massenet: "J'aurais sur ma poitrine" (*Werther*) and "Ah! fuyez douce image" *(Manon);* Gounod: "Anges du Paradis" *(Mireille);* etc. Nicolai Gedda, tenor, with Orchestre National conducted by Georges Prêtre. Angel 36106, $4.98; stereo S-36106, $5.98.	The extention of Gedda's top range that enables him to sing such showy matter as the air from Adam's *Le Postillon* (with its top D) may result in a personality change to go with his new status: formerly a singer who sang with ease what others found difficult, he is now one who sings with difficulty what others find impossible. Whether his sound in "Mes amis, écoutez l'histoire" is pushed up physically or artificially, it yields a strained, tense sound at variance with his best efforts as Don Ottavio. The same is true of "Pourquoi me réveiller" from *Werther*, which is more a matter of willpower than vocal suitability. When Gedda sings as well as he can, in the two excerpts from *Benvenuto Cellini* and in the Audabe from *Le Roi d'Ys,* he is an artist of persuasion and charm; but the kind of shouting to which he must resort in "Ah fuyez" is the negation of artistry. Prêtre does his work well, and the recording throughout is excellent.
Beethoven: Sonatas in E (opus 109) and A flat (opus 110). Ernst von Dohnányi, piano. Everest 6109 $4.98; stereo 3109, $4.98.	It was late in the day, pianistically, for Dohnányi when he made these recordings in February, 1960 (he died a few days later). What he had to dispose, musically, was of high distinction and interest, but the control to make it valid and meaningful was only intermittently at his command. As tends to be the case, he tried to do more than was necessary, especially in respect to velocity and dynamics. Thus rather than merely playing as fast as necessary, Dohnányi tends to accelerate fast passages when a steady tempo would be all that one could desire. In the fugue of opus 110, the disintegration is a sad finale for a career which produced so much of distinction, as composer and conductor as well as pianist. The best playing, indeed, is heard in two works not mentioned on the album or discussed in the notes: the C-minor variations and the *Andante favori* in F.
Beethoven: Sonatas in C-sharp minor (*Moonlight*) and E flat (*Les Adieux*), *Andante favori,* in F; Schumann: *Vogel als Prophet.* Benno Moiseiwitsch, piano. Decca 10067, $4.98; stereo 710067, $5.98.	Moiseiwitsch honors not only his own taste and knowledge in these fine performances, but also the whole tradition of piano playing of which he was inheritor. Few pianists of any time have played the *Moonlight* with so much innate sympathy and so little that is contrived or simulated in "romantic" atmosphere or fantasy. He felt it; he played it. In the *Andante favori* (originally a part of the C-major *Waldstein* sonata) and the *Les Adieux* sonata the scope of sound and the flow of figuration is precisely in the range for which Moiseiwitsch was best suited, and the results are in keeping with that suitability. As for *Vogel als Prophet,* it is a little sermon on piano playing in a microcosm—fluent, fastidious, and above all, fanciful.
Brahms: Sonata in F minor, Op. 5; *Intermezzi* in E Flat, Op. 117, No. 1; in C major, Op. 119, No. 3. Clifford Curzon, piano. London CM 9341, $4.98; Stereo CS 6341, $5.98.	Curzon's solid musicianship and ripe technical authority are twin constituents of a performance that is abundantly energetic and yet warmly endowed with the emotional understanding required. Indeed, Curzon is at his best when Brahms is also—not so much in the heavy firing of the allegros but in the moments of introspection in the Andante Espressivo and Andante Molto Sostenu (Intermezzo). It is to his credit that Curzon is not yet adept at faking what he does not feel, : the finale is a little too superficial to bring out the best in him. Of special interest is his concepti of the Scherzo, less hammer and tongs, more light and shade, than the average. The two *Intermezzi* are both beautifully played, in the contrast of manner suitable to them. One deficiency should be noted: a dull, rather wooly piano sound. Whether it is the fault of the instrument, a deficiency of the surroundings, or Curzon's relationship to them, is difficult to tell.
Copland: Sonata. Hilde Somer, piano. Sonata. Somer, piano, with Carroll Glenn, violin. Trio (Vitebsk). Somer, piano, Glenn, violin, and Charles McCracken, cello. Composers Recordings CRI 171. $5.95. Copland: Sonata. Kichner: Sonata. Sessions: *Pages from a Diary.* Rorem: Three Barcarolles. Leon Fleisher, piano. Epic Stereo BC 1262, $5.98.	The one-man record has much to be said for it, especially when it is varied by the efforts of three different participants, all of whom contribute valuably to the perspective thus presented from the Trio (of 1929) to the sonatas of the Forties. Of the latter I am more partial to the eloquently reflective duo than the stubbornly aggressive Sonata. Of the two performances, I am more disposed to the Somer than the Fleisher, for the primary reason that there is more of the composer, less of the performer in the former than in the latter. In other words, when Fleisher has multiplied Copland's frenetic impulse by his own, the result is close to frenzy. With Somer, the proportions are better preserved. Of the other contents of the Fleisher collection, there appears to be more value in the directness and candor of Rorem's gentle, Poulencish *Barcarolles* (slight though they are) than in the more tortuous, abstruse expressions of Sessions and Kirchner. His level of effort is brilliantly sustained, with a particular show of adaptability in the Rorem pieces.
Ravel: *Shéhérazade,* Five Greek Songs, Two Hebraic Songs; Duparc: *L'Invitation au Voyage* and *Phidylé;* Debussy: "Air de Lia" (*Enfant prodigue*). Victoria de los Angeles, soprano, with the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra conducted by Georges Prêtre. Angel 36105, $4.98; Stereo S-36105 $5.98.	*Melodies de France* is the catch-all title provided for this variable collection which is patently something else, embracing as it does material of Greek and Hebraic origin. However, it does have a certain if unintentional appropriateness to los Angeles's performances. She is quite content to sing everything with impeccable technique and a patina of style suitable to *Mélodies de France* if not exactly to the art products of Ravel and Debussy. As Jennie Tourel and Leonard Bernstein demonstrated in their recent version of *Shéhérazade,* the music contains much more of tension and expressivity than los Angeles finds in it; to invoke the name of Madeleine Grey vis-a-vis the Hebraic Songs is to convict oneself of standards now all but non-existent. Prêtre cuts his musical cloth to the measure of his subject, which is better accompaniment than it is creative leadership. The balance and quality of the recorded sound are both very good.
Riegger: Concerto for Piano and Woodwind Quintet; Poulenc: Sextet. Frank Glazer, piano; with Samuel Baron, flute; Jerome Roth, oboe; David Glazer, clarinet; Arthur Weisberg, bassoon; and John Barrows, horn. Everest 3081, $4.98	The pairing of these works is gratifying not only for the consistently high quality of performance by Glazer and associates, but no less for the illumination it provides on the methods of the two composers. Riegger's mastery was more belated in its recognition than Poulenc's, but this work of 1954 shows that he was no less adept in what he left out of his music than Poulenc was in what he included. The results are wholly at variance in density and mass but each conveys the functioning of a lively, unconventional mind realizing itself through means substantially similar.
Strauss: *Salome.* Christel Goltz, Julius Patzak, Hans Braun and Margerita Kenney, with the Vienna Philharmonic conducted by Clemens Krauss. London RS 62007, $4.98.	Whatever the margin of sound superiority possessed by any more recent recording—and it w be, at best, marginal—the quality of this performance gives it an enduring place in the Stra literature and especially in the *Salome*-Strauss literature. This relates not only to the confiden intelligent and often eloquent singing of Goltz, but even more to the steadily sensitive and unrelentingly authoritative conducting of Krauss. He has his own highly distinctive sense of lyric style for this work, and he sustains it to a totality of high credit for the composer. For those versed in the subject, the Herod of Patzak is almost cause in itself for cherishing the new opportunity for acquiring this performance originally issued in 1954. There have been few as good and none better. The fair warning to all should be: Take advantage of the bargain price before it becomes a *Recording of the Century* issue. —I. K.

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Gospel at the Box Office

WHATEVER it takes to attract the jaded tastes of the more avid mid-town Manhattan nightclub patrons—a strangely close-knit amalgam of press agents, actors' managers, and what we shall call (for lack of better terms) "celebrities" and "socialites"—a new club called the Sweet Chariot seems to have it, for the time being at least. For about a year and half, a kind of *voyeurism* drew more or less this same crowd to the Peppermint Lounge, where jean-and-black-leather jacket-clad teenagers did the twist. Now the fad has changed to the nearby Sweet Chariot, where Gospel song, quasi-secularized as "pop gospel," is the attraction. And the attraction seems to be spreading to other big cities as well.

The contrived atmosphere of the Sweet Chariot Club is bizarre almost ond belief. There are, for example, esses" clad in choir robes that reach only to the thigh, where they meet opera-length stockings. Yes, and there are small wings attached to the shoulders of their gowns and wire halos topping their coiffures. Customers are offered tambourines for participating in the music. The only thing missing, it would seem, is an assurance from the management that the Chariot is insured against unexpected thunderbolts, well-aimed from the blue.

Columbia Records, and its subsidiary Epic, have recorded these frenetic proceedings on a series of three LPs, done at the club, and complete with announcements by an MC named Howard Saunders who occasionally sounds like a crowd-haranguing fugitive from a carnival midway. The music is performed in a manner quite appropriate to such surroundings. On *Introducing the Sweet Chariot* (CS 8861/CL2061, $4.98) we first meet the pat (albeit strident) routines of the Golden Chords, who offer some not very attractive female voices, plus the applause-begging of a screaming and affected frenzy at the end of their four numbers. Follow- the Chords, we hear an ugly strain ices and emotions in a four-number ody of gospel by the Nathaniel Lewis Singers. And finally there is a brief appearance by the Sweet Chariot Singers (formerly called the Philadelphia All Stars!).

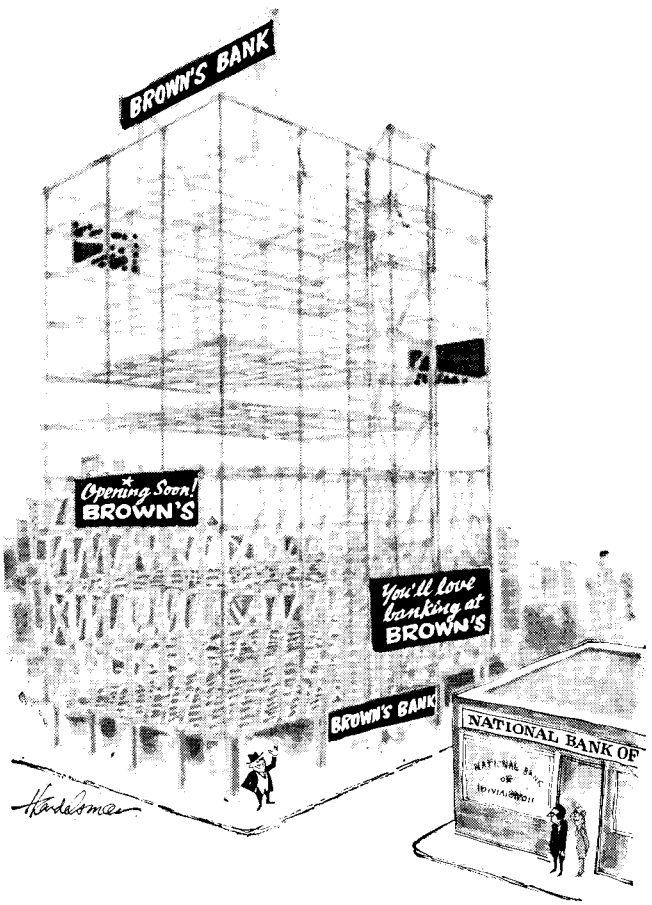
On *Everybody's Shoutin' Gospel* (Epic LN 24062. $3.98.), the Herman Stevens Singers, led by Helen Bryant and Evelyn Archie, offer a program that reaches back to the spiritual ancestor of Gospel in "Joshua Fit the Battle of Jericho" and forward to the fine, contemporary antiphonal piece, "Didn't It Rain." Their work is quite skilful in its way, and if it were not so edgy and compulsive, it might have had some of the compelling momentum and swing that gospel singing should have.

Indeed, lurking beneath this recorded display, and particularly in the voice of Nathaniel Lewis, there is often a hint of the power and beauty that can be found in the Gospel idiom. That is true also for the young Sweet Chariot Singers themselves who further offer (it says) *Shoutin', Wailin', Hard Drivin' Pop Gospel* on Columbia CS 8862/CL 2062 ($4.98). As a final irony, two of the Chariot Singers, visible in the album's cover photo, are holding tambourines clearly marked "not for sale." *Oh yeah?*

For a better insight into the history and compelling beauty of this remarkable American idiom of Gospel music there is Folkways album RBF RF 5, *An Introduction to Gospel Song.* ($5.95). The set begins with proprietary efforts to Europeanize the traditional Negro spiritual by Fisk University and Tuskegee Institute Singers, recorded in 1913 and 1917, respectively. It passes through examples from the late Twenties, by the Rev. J. M. Gates and F. W. McGee and their respective congregations, of how collective, spirited songs grew, more or less spontaneously, from chanted sermons. The set ends with two quite lovely pieces by the moving Spirit-of-Memphis group (chorus, bass drum, tambourine, and delicate solo voices) recorded in 1954.

Gospel Song is a selection on a remarkable recital by a young man named Sandy Bull, who plays various plucked stringed instruments on *Fantasias for Guitar and Banjo* (Vanguard VRS 9119, $4.98.). "Gospel" is a set of variations on the traditional sacred piece, "Good News" (which incidentally has also found currency as the rock and roll ditty, "I Got a Woman") by Bull on electric guitar and Billy Higgins on drums. Bull approaches a wide variety of musical idioms on this LP, with succinct understanding and with immediately apparent innate musical sensibility. By double-tracking, he offers William Byrd's "Non Nobis Domine," with two of its contrapuntal lines on banjo and a third on guitar, and the results are stately. Also on banjo, he abstracts the Southern mountain air, "Little Maggie." The first side of the LP is "blend" by Higgins, drums and Bull's unamplified guitar, it is an evolving tissue of fantasias, echoing jazz, the modality of Indian and Arabic music, and with hints of various other folk idioms. If I say that these twenty-plus minutes of music are not entirely sustained, I do not mean to imply that the shifting textures lack cohesion nor that the performance is not remarkable and musicianly.

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.



"I regret that we ever lent money to that fellow Brown."

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: Folk and Blues LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Lowell Fulson. Fulson, guitar and vocal; Martin Fulson, rhythm guitar; Lloyd Glenn, piano; Bill Hadnott, bass; Bob Harvey, drums; Earl Brown, alto sax; unidentified organ. Arhoolic, R 2003, $4.98.	A group of early recordings, vintage 1945, by one of the best blues singers in the Texas tradition. Primarily known as a rhythm and blues artist, few people being aware of the fact that he served his apprenticeship as accompanist to the legendary minstrel Texas Alexander. Fulson was at his very best during this recorded period of his career. These reissues from the old Swing-Time label feature some "stinging" guitar work, fine country-blues singing and thankfully present Fulson as a solo artist, with the rhythm guitar backing of his brother, on eleven of the sixteen tracks. On the other items he is joined by a small group and the performances are closer to the rhythm and blues sound with which he is usually associated. Outstanding, both vocally and instrumentally, is the two-part "River Blues." Based upon Alexander's "Penitentiary Blues," it is a particularly moving effort by the artist.
Joe Turner: *Jumpin' the Blues* with Pete Johnson's Orchestra. Turner, vocals; Johnson, piano; James Ross, Art Farmer, trumpets; Frank Sleet, alto sax; Pete Peterson, tenor sax; Milburn Newman, baritone sax; Addison Farmer, bass; Robert Brady, drums; and others. Arhoolie R 2004, $4.98.	This is an album of blues Kansas City style, featuring the famous team of Big Joe Turner and Pete Johnson, blues shouter and boogie-woogie King respectively. Though they are reissues of material originally recorded in 1948-49 they still retain the freshness, drive and rocking feeling generally associated with Kansas City music. Turner, always an outstanding blues vocalist, is at the very peak of his career on these recordings and with the aid of Mr. Johnson and a fine group of musicians shows why the name Joe Turner has become synonymous with Kansas City music.
Huddie Ledbetter: *The Immortal Leadbelly*. Ledbetter, 12-string guitar and vocals. Mount Vernon Music 141, $2.00.	Culled from a long-forgotten group of recordings made for the Musicraft people in 1939 these songs feature the "King of the 12-String Guitar" at his best. It is a worthy and welcome resurrection as are any and all of Leadbelly's work. Featuring a two-segment "Frankie and Albert" which is partly sung and partly recited, two beautiful *a cappella* versions of "Ain't Goin' Down to the Well No Mo" and "Old Hannah" and a pair of blues, "DeKalb Blues" and "Fannin St.," the entire production is a worthy addition to anyone's record collection.
Snuffy Jenkins and the Hired Hands: *Carolina Bluegrass*. Jenkins, 5-string banjo and vocal; Homer Sherrill, fiddle and vocal; Julian Medlin, guitar and vocal; Ira Dimmery, bass; Bill Dea, guitar. Folk-Lyric, FL 123, $4.98.	Snuffy Jenkins, one of Earl Scruggs's early influences, is a banjo player in the tradition of the older string-band mountain pickers. His style is rather personal, more so than the heavily styled Scruggs-influenced bluegrass instrumentalists of today, and somewhat "rough" or "jagged" in its syncopations. Presented here with his regular group in a vigorous, and at times amusing, program the men demonstrate that they can "pick" and sing with the best of today's bluegrass outfits. There are fiddle and banjo solos, talking blues (Blind Boy Fuller's "Step It Up and Go"), striking guitar runs (Medlin on "Long Journey Home"), older country tunes and traditional numbers in this very collection of country-music Jenkins style.
Katie Lee: *The Best of Katie Lee*. Miss Lee, guitar and vocal. Horizon WP-1604, $4.98.	Miss Lee, who generally specializes in "sick" and unusual type songs mostly of a ribald nature, demonstrates at a live night-club performance a bent for doing tunes, "The West Bromish Lady" and "Stavin' Chain," and ditties, "Mary Had a Little Lamb" and "In Atlanta," which very few folk artists attempt to treat. Actually a hybrid-part folk artist and part comic entertainer, she is adequate in both areas coming across a bit better when treating songs of a bawdy nature such as "Motet For Maidenheads."
Hoyt Axton: *The Balladeer*. Axton, guitar and vocal; Billy Cheatwood, guitar; Jim McQuinn, guitar and banjo. Horizon WP-1601, $4.98.	A driving, emotional vocal style, a well-balanced song program and unusually good instrumental accompaniment characterizes this initial effort by Axton. Rather individual in his interpretations, he manages to bring new life to such tried and overworked numbers as "Five Hundred Miles" and the "Ox-Drivers Song." His originality and creativity come to the fore with a pair of original compositions, "Walkin' to Georgia" and "Greenback Dollar," his unusual arrangement of the folk evergreen "John Henry" and his introductory narrative to "One Grain of Sand." Particularly fine is the Australian folk ballad "Brisbane Ladies" on which McQuinn harmonizes with Axton.
Speckled Red: *Dirty Dozens*. Speckled Red (Rufus Perryman), piano and vocal. Delmar DL-601, $4.98.	Still performing in a style which is almost extinct Red has always been a synonym for the boogie-woogie form of piano playing. Born in 1892, these recordings were made in 1956 and 1957, he still sounds like the spirited artist whose 1929-30 recordings are still prized collector's items. Recreated are some of his most famous works: "The Dirty Dozens," "The Right String But The Wrong Yo Yo" and "Wilkins Street Stomp" and a worthy group of others, including "Going Down Slow" and "Highway 61 Blues," all performed in Speckled Red's characteristically rugged manner.
The Hodges Bros. with John White: *Watermelon Hangin' On The Vine*. Felix Hodges, fiddle; Ralph Hodges, mandolin, guitar and vocal; James Hodges, rhythm guitar; John White, string bass and vocal. Arhoolie F 5001, $4.98.	An excellent sampling of country string and band music as it is played today. The group, from Mississippi, is traditionally steeped in the manner of Bill Monroe, Gid Tanner and Mainer's Mountaineers to name but a few of the influences. The lack of a 5-string banjo in the instrumental ensemble in no way detracts from the insistent sound evoked by the boys and the result is traditional music at its best. Their repertoire reflects not only good taste and a panorama of traditional material but also other influencing factors. Featured are Negro type blues like "Going Down The Road Feeling Bad" and "Six White Horses," novelty numbers like "Mountain Dew" and "Hooknose In Town," instrumentals as in "Bile Dem Cabbage Down," the infectious "Bogue Chitto Flingding" and "Carroll County Blues" plus other ballads, sacred songs and old-fashioned harmonizing tunes. Instrumentally the boys are capable and exciting and vocally lend themselves well to their material.
Smokey Babe and his Friends: *Hot Blues*. Smokey Babe (Robert Brown), guitar and vocal; Sally Dotson, vocal; Henry Thomas, harmonica; William Dotson, vocal; Clyde Causey, harmonica. Folk-Lyric 118, $4.98.	This record is a must for those who feel that the country blues are dying because of reluctance on the part of younger individuals to carry on the tradition. Another of Harry Oster's discoveries, Smokey Babe is a 35-year-old native of the Clarksdale, Miss. area who sings and plays in much the same way as the great bluesmen were performing even prior to his birth. A vigorous dance-oriented guitar style, forcefully dynamic, is shown to excellent advantage on "Rabbit Blues," a number which is a conglomeration of a children's game, a Blind Lemon Jefferson recording and a country dance tune. His falsetto moaning is heard on "Black Ghost," the "bottle-neck" method of guitar playing on "Bad Whiskey" and antiphonal exchanges on the gospel theme "Two Wings." All of the performances, and the "friends," are full of spirited, exuberant music. —Lawrence Cohn.

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The Amen Corner

CHARLIE MINGUS'S *The Black Saint And The Sinner Lady* is his most ambitious jazz composition to date. It occupies both sides of an LP (Impulse Mono A-35) and, even if he did not tell us so in his program notes and the titles of the various parts, it would be clear that the music has intense reference to his personal experience, and to the struggle of the American Negro.

The work has many passages of powerful impact and others of lyric loveliness. It is rhythmically urgent, harmonically rich, and lustrous in its coloration; in all these respects it often suggests Duke Ellington. There is frequently an eloquent use of single or multiple instrumental voices over *ostinato* figures and a pedal point.

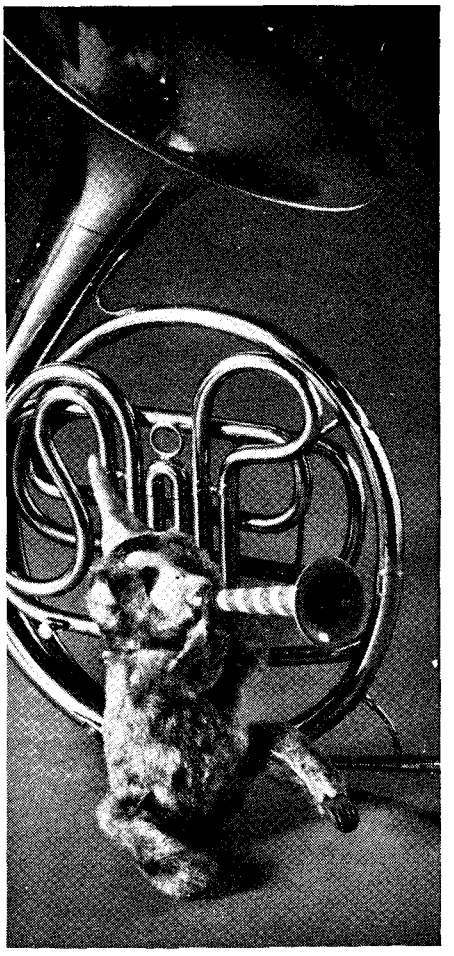
The expressive suggestions run a very wide gamut, from the songful to the clamorous, the impassioned to the anguished, the chaotic to the rebellious. It would appear that all of the players, as well as their composer-leader-bassist, were thoroughly absorbed. The work is shiningly performed. It may be unfair to single out any one man, but it seems to me that I have never heard the alto saxophone played with such singing valor as Charles Mariano exhibits in his numerous leading passages. The others of the splendid company are Rolf Ericson and Richard Williams, trumpets; Quentin Jackson, trombone; Don Butterfield, contrabass trombone and tuba; Jerome Richardson, soprano and baritone saxes and flute; Dick Hafer, tenor sax and flute; Jackie Byard, piano; Jay Berliner, guitar; Dannie Richmond, drums; and Charlie Mingus, bass and piano.

Having said this much in praise of *The Black Saint*, I come to certain reservations. In the second half of the composition, in which Mingus reworks many of the materials introduced in the first, I cannot, after repeated hearings, feel a cumulatively effective development of ideas; instead, the work seems to fragment. Furthermore, throughout the composition Mingus makes considerable use of *accelerandos* (I have counted eight instances). This gradual speeding-up of the tempo to produce increasing tension is an extremely powerful musical device, but there is the danger that too much of it will run into the law of diminishing returns, that what begins as excitement will wind up a bore. I find that something of this sort occurs here. Finally, I do not share Mingus's feeling that the extreme vocalization of instruments, with mutes or other means, so that they sound very close to human voices, is a musically valuable process—no matter how artfully it is carried on (and Quentin Jackson is a master of it on the trombone). Where vocal effects are desired, I prefer voices. But all these qualifications to one side, *The Black Saint* is compelling, charged with fascinating detail, and richly felt both by its composer and his players, who have ample opportunity to bring their own spontaneity into his scheme of things. This is hortatory music—and it is full of fire and high musical skill.

BY way of superficial contrast, there is Max Roach's LP, *Speak, Brother, Speak* (Fantasy 6007), and I am thinking specifically of the side called "A Variation." I say superficial contrast because here, instead of Mingus's richly textured orchestra, we have just four men: Roach, one of the pioneers of modern jazz drumming; Cliff Jordan, tenor saxophone; Mal Waldron, piano; and Eddie Khan, bass. There is, in fact, no contrast at all, between the larger combination and the smaller, in the emotional quality that these men bring to their music. Further, "A Variation" seems to me to be one of the most effectively sustained expressions I have heard in recorded jazz. It is 22:30 minutes long, and stems from a down-skipping, minor-tinted theme by Roach, and on the basis of this the individual players work out solos, free from bar-line restrictions, which lead through a dynamic drum solo into an ensemble finale which is, to me, magical in its polyphonic and cross-rhythmic elasticity and sympathy. I have long felt that Mal Waldron, with the warmth of his feeling and the sobriety of his style, is one of the finest jazz pianists, and it is rewarding to hear him again, and in such a context.

Lastly, there is Miles Davis, the superb trumpeter who is more musician than trumpeter. At this stage, it is difficult to know what to say about him that has not already been said, but his new LP, *Seven Steps To Heaven* (Columbia CL 2051), at least gives me the semblance of an out. While he has devoted himself largely to modern jazz themes, he has also been known to tackle old favorites, and here he approaches two of the hoariest and most familiar of them all: "Basin Street Blues" and "Baby Won't You Please Come Home." There may be many veterans of the Twenties, who are thinking of having their yellow slickers encased in glass and their hip flasks gilded, who will fail to respond to this call. I can only say that, as usual with Miles, I find a sensitive and poetic music. The sidemen are George Coleman, tenor sax; Ron Carter, bass; Victor Feldman or Herbie Hancock, piano; Frank Butler or Anthony Williams, drums.

—WILDER HOBSON.



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The Other Side

LONDON.

WITH THE Bolshoi Ballet packing Covent Garden throughout July, and another series of Russian concerts — the Oistrakhs, Shafran, Ashkenazy, Dolukhanova, Flier, Kondrashin and the Moscow Philharmonic —promised for mid-September, the major event of London's musical summer is nonetheless the 69th season of Henry Wood Promenade Concerts at the Roval Albert Hall.

The transformation of this hallowed institution from a mammoth bargain basement of symphonic music into a genuine Summer Festival, with all that that much abused term implies in respect to program content and performing standards, must rank as William Glock's proudest achievement since the former critic assumed responsibility for the BBC's music policy. Until Glock took office, the Proms, though still enjoying tremendous public support, had become a stale habit, an artistic fossil, a musical soup-kitchen feeding the hungry masses with overlong, badly prepared meals of standard classics.

Today all that is changed. The crowds are still as large as ever and the prices as low; you can get in for about 50 cents and the best seats cost less than $2. But the programs are excitingly adventurous and many of the performances would not seem out of place at Edinburgh or Salzburg. Lucky indeed are the 1963 promenaders who, within the space of eight days, just recently were offered a concert performance of Monteverdi's *L'Incoronazione di Poppea* by the full Glyndebourne company, Mahler's *Resurrection* Symphony conducted by Stokowski, Britten's *War Requiem* with the composer and Meredith Davies sharing the conducting, and Verdi's *Manzoni Requiem* with distinguished British soloists (Amy Shuard, Anna Reynolds, Richard Lewis and David Ward) and the Philharmonia Chorus and Orchestra led by Giulini.

Mention of Giulini's thrilling account of the Verdi Requiem reminds me that EMI have at last persuaded the Italian maestro to commit his performance to records. The sessions will take place next month, here in London, and the four soloists scheduled to take part with the Philharmonia Chorus and Orchestra are Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Christa Ludwig, Nicolai Gedda and Nicolai Ghiaurov. Let us hope that EMI's engineers will rise to the occasion; I hope, too, that having recorded Verdi's major sacred works—the *Quattro pezzi sacri* should be released this autumn—Giulini will be placed in charge of some of the operas. What about *Don Carlo* first?

An attractive Liszt recital by Louis Kentner features familiar as well as infrequently performed compositions from the Second Book of *Années de Pèlerinage* (plus *The Fountains of the d'Este* from Book 3), including the called *Dante Sonata* and two of the *Venezia e Napoli* pieces. Also from HMV comes a rather odd shared recital disc by Herbert Downes (viola) and Jacqueline Du Pré (cello), with each artist occupying a single side (a case of half a loaf being better than no slice at all?). Accompanied in turn by harpsichord, harp, guitar, piano and organ, Mr. Downes—for many years now principal violist of the Philharmonia Orchestra—deals capably with music by Handel, Vaughan Williams, Cui, Brahms and Bach-Gounod; Miss Du Pré, an eighteen-year old cellist of evident promise, also employs an assortment of accompanists in pieces by Bach, Saint-Saëns, Falla, and Bruch, but for all its technical assurance and poise, her playing still lacks real conviction.

From EMI's German associates come two worthy contributions to the August list. The Drolc Quartet is heard to advantage in a pair of Beethoven's splendid Op. 18 quartets, No. 3 in D, and No. 6 in B flat (with the *Malinconia* finale), while those who enjoy hearing Gluck's *Orpheus* sung in German, a with a baritone in the title-role, sh welcome a well-made disc of highlight from the opera featuring the admirable Hermann Prey, with sopranos Pilar Lorengar and Erika Köth, the RIAS Chamber Choir and the Berlin Symphony Orchestra under Horst Stein. To my ears the romantic, super-impassioned manner which the German text seems to encourage does not ring true; Gluck needs more poise, more classical restraint.

Callas is an artist who understands perfectly that such poise need not exclude passion, and she demonstrates this in an aria from *Iphigénie en Tauride* that opens her latest recital disc (*Callas à Paris*, with Conservatoire Orchestra under Georges Prêtre). Also included here are scenes from *Le Damnation de Faust, Les Pêcheurs de Perles, Manon, Werther*, and *Faust*. While it would not be true to say that the soprano was in particularly good voice when she made these recordings last May (her upper register sounds more precarious than ever), what she does with both words and music is little short of a revelation, especially in the Massenet and Gounod numbers. Callas makes me feel for and with Gretch Manon, and Charlotte more intens than I would have believed possible; in the context of such supreme artistry the fundamental insecurity of her voice at so comparatively early an age seems nothing less than tragic.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

CONCERNING SUTHERLAND

Lo! HEAR the Troubled Texan. Your thoughts on Sutherland's *Command Performance* [*SR* May 25] almost mirrored my own in totality. I could not, however, wait for the discs to be uncoupled in order to obtain the "legitimate material" separately and I purchased the set upon its release.

Since I bought the album at half of the list price, I will not complain too much that the other material will remain in the plush package most of the time. However, I would like to suggest to London that before *Gala Farewell*, they allow us the opportunity to hear again what the lady from Australia can *do* with worthwhile material in an album entitled *The Prima Donna Returns to Art. . . . Command Performance* does not reflect Sutherland at her best, and is a weak argument for her determination to prove her versatility.

BOB BROWN.

Houston, Texas

A VIEW OF HOLCMAN

MY COLLEAGUE Mrs. Margaret Bush and I were much touched by the letter printed your issue of July 27 concerning Jan man and his work. Mr. Denis Dutton ..ites with penetrating insight and rare appreciation of this young man, who labored, with little reward, in the cause of music.

He first came to our office when he arrived from Poland, an emigré, emaciated, in ill health, with no surviving family or friends. But the creative fire burned, and continued to burn in him, despite adversity. Our organization was able to assist him in divers ways, and believed wholeheartedly in his genius. It is sad that his work remains unfinished due to his untimely death.

HELEN L. KAUFMAN, Director
Music Dept., American Council
for Emigrés in the Professions.

New York, N. Y.

TRIBUTE TO A CRITIC

I WAS SADDENED to read of the tragic death of Jan Holcman, whose extremely perceptive articles have given me much pleasure since I became a subscriber to your magazine. I was particularly interested in his discussions of uncommonly played piano works such as mentioned in his recent article on "Unhomogenized Smetana." I have saved all his articles as part of my permanent file on piano music.

I sincerely hope some consideration may be given to publishing a collection of his articles, perhaps in paperback form, so they would be available *in toto* to a large number of readers. I would be interested in such a book.

I also hope that someone may be found to continue this type of writing for your magazine, since it is most valuable for those of us whose hobby of music prompts us to want to read high-quality writing that evaluates not only commonly but also uncommonly played piano works.

HOWARD F. GLOYNE, M.D.

Kansas City, Kan.

FARRELL AS BRUENNHILDE

I WISH TO add my petition to that of G.R.P. of St. Louis, whose letter appeared in your July 27, edition, for the reissue of Victor's LM-1000—the "Awakening Duet" from *Siegfried* with Farrell and Svanholm. Unfortunately, Miss Farrell did not receive the proper recognition until her voice had lost some of its freshness and luster. I hope that many others have responded to this suggestion and that you will convey our requests to RCA.

WARREN CALLAGHAN.

Tallahassee, Fla.

EASTMAN'S ANONYMOUS FLUTIST

I AGREE that the flute solo is one of the high spots of the recording by the Eastman Philharmonic Orchestra [*SR*, March 30].

The "excellent solo flutist" is Susan Levitin of this city, now part-time performer with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

HAROLD R. GORDON.

Chicago, Illinois

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Writers and Writing

Continued from page 25

despite Camus's continuing awareness of what Malraux once called "the metallic realms of the absurd."

The notebooks are also interesting because they reveal, in a neat formulation, the theory behind the kind of novels Camus wrote. In a review of Sartre's *La Nausée*, dated October 20, 1938, he had already said that "a novel is never anything but a philosophy put into images." One might want to quarrel with such a sweeping assertion, but in the notebook for 1936 Camus writes more persuasively and equally revealingly: "People can think only in images. If you want to be a philosopher, write novels." Not only does this throw light on Camus's own novels; it would be an admirable starting point from which to examine most of what is lively and striking in postwar French fiction. Cutting through jargon and much pseudophilosophy, it explains simply and convincingly why phenomenology has invaded the field of imaginative literature, and why it has done so with such success.

The other main topics discussed are already familiar. Camus meditates on the lessons of poverty; he makes several biting comments on politicians; he returns repeatedly to the conflicting demands, as he experienced them, of asceticism and indulgence, nature and men, life and death. There are frequent references, too, to the experience of the absurd. The reasons behind the transition that he made from the absurd to revolt are suggested by a quotation from Tolstoy which, while recognizing the fact of the absurd, claims that it may be possible for us "to change our life in such a way as to give it a meaning that cannot be taken from it by death." No doubt it is this understanding of despair, together with the conviction that we can go beyond despair to some creative activity, that made Camus at once a spokesman and a moral leader for his generation.

William Saroyan—"grim gesture of resistance."

The Passing Time of His Life

***Not Dying**, by William Saroyan (Harcourt, Brace & World. 244 pp. $4.95), finds the once ebullient celebrator of "The Human Comedy" grimly resisting the fear of destruction as man and writer. Chester E. Eisinger, professor of English at Purdue University, has written "Fiction of the Forties," to be published by Chicago University Press.*

By CHESTER E. EISINGER

WILLIAM SAROYAN is a writer we associate with vitality, innocence, simplicity, and confident egotism; but in *Not Dying*, an "autobiographical interlude," he has written a book about fear and death: the fear that he may die and the death of his resources as a writer. It reveals Saroyan to us at that time of life when his vital relation to people and to experience is no longer fresh but tired; when the innocence of the Armenian boy from Fresno has come to an end, in weary evenings of dissipation or gambling in Europe; when the ego has been bruised by divorce, by the attacks of the critics —in short, by all the miscellaneous forces in life that conspire to wear down a man's central notion of who he is. *Not Dying* is Saroyan's grim gesture of resistance to the forces of destruction. He wrote it to produce evidence, mostly for himself, that he was not yet dead and that he could still write.

Like his earlier autobiographical works (*The Bicycle Rider in Beverly Hills* and *Here Comes There Goes You Know Who*), this one is badly organized, if not downright disorganized. Its ostensible subject is the events of July 1959, when Saroyan's two children joined him in Paris. The surface narrative recounts, between rambling meditations and occasional excursions into the anecdotal past, how the three of them lived and ate in their apartment and walked in the streets and bought Picasso sketches and gambled on the horses at nearby French racetracks. But what gives the book importance for the reader is its real subject—a dying writer and father, the passing of those primal creative energies that are necessary to authorship and fatherhood. This is the record of how Saroyan, possessed by a powerful death wish, perseveres, trying to stay alive.

Not Dying reveals that Saroyan still commands the self-discipline necessary to the task of writing. He tells us how in 1950 he wrote three books in one month. For the present book he brought himself to the desk every morning without fail to write at least six pages. But he does not command the discipline of art—neither here nor in his earlier work. As a writer Saroyan is a primitive or a natural, and he has always relied on improvisation, often brilliant, to bring off his effects. He is in the tradition of Walt Whitman, with whom he shares. as this book makes clear, a capacity f mysticism and intuitive insight, a wa feeling for the importance of each man and the unity of all men. He is also in the tradition of Mark Twain, with whom he shares, in the spirit of the raconteur, a gay neglect of esthetic form and a desperate need to find material to pad out his manuscript to book-length: *Not Dying* often seems to be a patchwork of irrelevancies.

But Whitman and Twain contributed to the tradition of nineteenth-century innocence. Saroyan is a twentieth-century man. His father came to America from Europe, from the Old World to the New, to seek a life of hope that was implicit in the promise of America as nineteenth-century optimism had framed that promise. The largest meaning of this book, for our culture and for the writer, is that it shows Saroyan returning to the Old World and the old life. The journey to the East represents the symbolic abandonment of that optimism and hope. It is the journey toward death.

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—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

Editorial

Continued from page 14

that could go on forever unless familiar patterns are rudely and radically changed. And for those who say that time will take care of the problem, that as Negroes gain educational and job equality, social equality and acceptance will inevitably follow, here is some more data from that Connecticut survey on interracial neighborhoods, a comparison of the educational backgrounds of white and Negro *neighbors*:

	Whites	*Negroes*
Grammar school	26%	21%
High school	51	41
College	18	26
Professional or Graduate school	3	11
None	2	1
	100%	100%

Those Negro neighbors that 60 per cent of the whites were hardly speaking to were in fact their educational superiors! For a Negro to do such an exceptional thing as to pull himself out of his racial ghetto, he must of necessity be an exceptional man, in terms of economic position, educational achievement, drive, aspiration, and sheer personal courage. And what does it get him? In too many cases, a cool wall of distance from the whites among whom he lives.

What is the answer, then? Is education the force to break down those final barriers to full social acceptance? It certainly can do a great deal. In the 1961 Connecticut survey, integration in private residential neighborhoods was favored by only one-fifth of those who had not completed college and half of those who had. Yet surveys over the years show that the effects of education are greatest in the public areas of integration; in the more intimate areas, the barriers tend to remain. In *Education and Attitude Change*, a review of past public opinion research on the effect of schooling on prejudice against minority groups conducted for the American Jewish Committee Institute of Human Relations, Charles H. Stember came to this conclusion: "The impact of education is limited. Its chief effect is to reduce traditional provincialism—to counteract the notion that members of minorities are strange creatures with exotic ways, and to diminish fear of casual personal contact. But the limits of acceptance are sharply drawn; while legal equality is supported, full so[illegible] participation is not."

We are now in a crisis in the for racial equality. New protest be made, new laws passed; so

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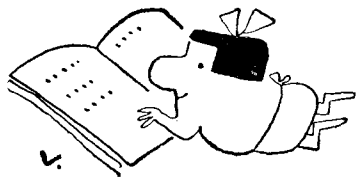
the methods employed by Negro groups will be wise and effective, some will be stupid and do more harm than good. (For example, I am afraid that the "March on Washington" will do the Negro cause—*legislatively*—more harm than good. I do not for a moment question the Negroes' *right* to march; our country was practically founded on something far more suspect—civil disobedience. I simply feel the chances for good legislation will be lessened.) However, out of the anger and turmoil of these days, progress will and must be made toward full Negro participation in American life.

When laws and social action have done all they can, however, the real battle will still have to be fought. That battle will have to be fought in those private regions of the mind, the heart, and the conscience that lie beyond



the reach of laws or social action, and that formal education can penetrate only when the ground is fertile. It is part of a larger battle against the barriers of the past that is being fought on many fronts today. Barriers of space and time have been broken down, but the toughest barriers are, now as always, the invisible barriers of outmoded thought. The final issue cannot be settled on the outside; it must be won from within—within the *heart* of every living person.

But, while the final issue must be settled in the *hearts* of people, perhaps there are certain mental blocks that can be removed in order to make the process easier. Let's face the fact that there are many misconceptions about the Negro—and some of them held by kindly people. It is difficult to believe wholeheartedly in the Negro's right to equality if one also believes that Negroes are less educable, less intelligent than whites. It is difficult to accept Negroes as neighbors if one believes that most Negroes are sexually promiscuous, socially irresponsible, and inclined to violence. Such gross generalizations are easy to disprove; there are also subtler ones that act as mental barriers against full Negro acceptance. What we don't know is *which* misconceptions about Negroes are *most* responsible for the wall of social distance that remains. Maybe it's time we found out. —E.R.

Letters to the Editor

Continued from page 15

sports are also art of living. I might add that even the "idiot box" supplies panel discussions in which a more impartial presentation of an issue is made than that in the lady's letter.

MAX FEUER.

Mount Vernon, N.Y.

ALTHOUGH MY husband, like Name Withheld's, "wouldn't know what I'm talking about," I have the added problem of mine voluntarily wandering in his cultural desert proclaiming that my enjoyment of symphonies, the theatre, and literature (including poetry) is a "pose." . . . I just thought Mrs. N.W. would like to know she *does* have company.

NAME WITHHELD, ALSO.

Cincinnati, O.

THE LADY FROM Minneapolis couldn't be more right. I have been married 54 years. My husband has had scorn for all the efforts I exerted to improve my brain, and I can converse about a multitude of things that are "Greek" to him. Does he, or did he ever pick up copies of *SR*, the *Atlantic*, or any of numerous magazines to which I subscribe? He does not! He did not! . . . All of my 54 years of married life, the whole trend of magazine piffle has been "how to hold your husband," "how to be an intellectual companion to your husband," etc. About the only thing they neglected to tell us has been how to conk your husband without endangering your own life with a trip to the electric chair. Phooey. . . .

MRS. CARRIE E. SACKWRITER.

Meadow Vista, Calif.

MRS. NAME WITHHELD'S comments on the tragic silence between married couples dining out aptly describes the appalling plight of many of us. . . . I, too, share that silent dinner table with my husband. He is in the medical profession, and has neither the time nor the inclination to develop an interest in the arts. . . . But is there a coin in existence that has only one side? Art and science were once thought to be lodged at separate poles, but the distance between them grows shorter. While some of us are deeply concerned about the anguished soul of Ivan Karamazov, others are concerned about his blood pressure. Until we decide that it is one and the same Ivan, many of us will continue dining at "separate tables. . . ."

MRS. LEXI RYAN.

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(Continued on page 50)

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CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 49)

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

BEAUTIFUL HOME, living room, library, dining room, 3 bedrooms, 2½ baths, baseboard heat, fireplaces, walnut paneled kitchen, copper wall oven. 35 acres, big trees, spring, pond site. Swiss view. $27,000. Taxes $90.00. Write for brochure. Browning Real Estate Agency, Culpeper, Virginia.

HOUSE, CIRCA 1830. Panoramic view. $6,800. Georgia Roos, Plainfield, Vermont.

TRANSFERRED TO BOSTON? Let me find you a house south of Route #128. Katharine Sullivan, Canton, Massachusetts. 828-0577.

MAINE—OLD FARMSTEAD—100 acres. 6 rooms, good condition. View, apple trees. $4,000. Terms.
100-YEAR-OLD CAPE—40 acres. 1 mile to lake. Secluded. 3 bedrooms, bath, fireplace, lights. $4,000. Terms.
OLD FARM—100 acres. Good view, water. 6 rooms, lights. Secluded. $5,500. Terms.
ACREAGE ONLY—in parcels of 125-245-690-30-185-125. Take your pick at $10 per acre.
OLD HOME-with 185 acres. Needs repair. Secluded, near lake. Good summer retreat. Unbelievable at $2,500. FRANKLIN REALTY CO. 44 Main Street, Farmington, Maine.

WILMINGTON, VERMONT. Fieldstone, frame chalet. Suspended balconies, circular fireplace. 5 bedrooms, 2 baths. Spectacular view. Owner, 802-464-3991.

RED-E-BILT CABINS delivered anywhere in Maine. Free brochure. Starbird Lumber Co., Strong, Maine.

SMALL HOME, scenic New Hampshire, 1½ baths, garage. $16,500. Box E-109.

For Rent—Furnished

NEW HAMPSHIRE LAKEFRONT COTTAGE. Secluded, magnificent mountain view, foliage. September-October weekly, monthly. Accommodates six. N. Kessin, Downing Street, Laconia.

WINTERING IN CALIFORNIA? Fully furnished ocean-front sleeps six. Week or month. Box E-103.

APARTMENTS WANTED

QUIET COUPLE wishes furnished apartment, East side, 9-12 months. Call MUrray Hill 7-5624 NYC or write Box E-111.

REFINED MOTHER and daughter desire furnished apartment with piano near Columbia University, September-June. Box E-113.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

SMALL HIGHLAND LAKE in Vermont. Private beach, adjoining building locations, open or wooded, large or small. Can build to suit buyer. ½ mile to quiet village. John H. Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

WATERFRONT "SECOND-HOME" SITES. Thoreau-like country. Utilities. Charming model. Brochure. Sheepscot Shore Colony, Palermo, Maine.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN. Superb lots near site of new marina. G. M. Marrow, Box 797, Brattleboro, Vermont.

ADJOINS LITTLERIVER INN and golf course. 1¼ acres. Light and water. Overlooks beach. Inspiring ocean vistas. Mendocino Artists or airport 3 miles. Roland Warner, Littleriver, California.

RETIREMENT LIVING

WILL YOUR RETIREMENT be a pleasure . . . or a problem? All of your retirement needs can be provided at CRESTVIEW CLUB APARTMENTS. The newest, most carefully appointed apartment-type building in the eastern United States for those 60 years and over. Located in suburban residential Toledo, Ohio, near shopping with good transportation. Meals, services and guaranteed life care if and when needed for reasonable monthly fee. For full information on life lease program, write: J. J. Boomgard, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio. You will enjoy freedom, friends and fine food at CRESTVIEW.

CAMPS

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children. Inquire, visit, reserve now. Appel Farm, Elmer 1, New Jersey.

VACATIONS

SITTERS AND SUNNERS, hikers, readers and writers: luxuriate in the tranquillity of our breezy, hilltop terrace, our shaded lanes, the simple beauty and serenity of Southern Vermont's finest country inn. Marlboro Music, lakes, tennis, golf nearby. Spacious rooms and lounges, imaginative cuisine. From $55 weekly, American. The North Wind, Wilmington, Vermont.

HERITAGE HILL—Holland (RFD Southbridge), Massachusetts. Lake breezes, shaded lawns, spacious rooms, food aplenty. Brochure.

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New, year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

HUNT OR RETREAT. 5 acres Maine lakeside modern camp, fully equipped, 1, 2 families. $150 weekly. Box D-981.

CAPE COD IS BEST in September and October. New low off-season rates start September 7th. Casual vacation trailer (private inside toilet) sleeps four to six. Directly on waterfront, center of Cape. Cost? Only $29 weekly with utilities. Box 458 SR, Brewster, Massachusetts.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful tropical beach. Excellent International cuisine, best in Mexico. $16.80 double occupancy, A.P. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

THE MANOR in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

MOUNTAIN BEACH VACATION, Hendersonville, North Carolina. Elevation 2300'. Laurel Park Lake Inn and Cottages. Sand beach, boating, riding, golf. American Plan, fabulous food. Literate, congenial, informal. Lower September rates. Folder.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Autumn Scarlet! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. 8 miles Breadloaf. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

FARMS AND HOTELS for adults and families, near New York. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. 2150' high in the beautiful Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, sports. Heated swimming pool. Spectacular fall foliage. Open to October 20th. Excellent food, accommodations. Brochure.

TUCSON, ARIZONA. WILMOT INN provides cool apartments and patio rooms at special summer and early fall rates. Summer theatre, swimming pool, exceptional food—European Plan. Address 330 South Wilmot.

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE—Secluded, 2,100 feet elevation, panoramic view, superb Continental cuisine. Informal, friendly. Brochure. Manchester, Vermont.

PISGAH INN on Blue Ridge Parkway at Mt. Pisgah. High, cool, rustic comfort. Open fires, forest trails, marvelous views. Since 1920. R-2, Box 375ASR, Canton, N.C.

FOR A UNIQUE EXPERIENCE . . . Come to the Alamac Hotel, Woodridge, New York . . . international cuisine and concept . . . a mecca for artists, musicians, teachers, etc. . . . bring your own instruments and paintings . . . complete facilities . . . children's day camp . . . singles invited . . . two hours from the city . . . Route 17, Exit 109. Phone Woodridge 33 collect.

WINDHAM HILL FARM, West Townshend, Vermont. Quiet country inn—good food—walking—loafing. Superb collection old books, magazines, newspapers.

VACATIONS

GREEN SHADOWS INN, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Excellent food, beautiful country. Rooms and [illegible]

WINDY HILL, R.D. Box 160, Walden, New York. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Telephone Newburgh: 562-1232.

DISCOVER A MOUNTAIN RETREAT you'll want to come back to. Summit Lodge, Killington, Vermont.

LA ORILLA, Islamorada. Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

VERMONT, LONDONDERRY, Route 11. Heart of Green Mountain National Forest. Flood Brook House—cool, 1,600 ft.—near theatres, concerts, antiquing, golf, hiking, fishing, swimming. $12 daily, $70 weekly. Capacity 24. Families welcome. Phone 802-824-5918.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Small, secluded, informal. American Plan. No cottages. Folder.

SKIING FAMILIES. Deluxe housekeeping cottages near Rutland available. November-April. Moderate rental. Mountain Top Inn, Chittenden, Vermont, 483-2311. N.Y. office LOngacre 5-1114.

TRAVEL

THE TRAPPINGS ARE NEW but the rates are traditional at the Tudor Hotel in New York City. Comfortable accommodations, all with private bath. Singles from $6, doubles from $10. Convenient to all transportation, restaurants, churches, shops, art, theatres, etc. Located in fashionable Tudor City, adjacent to United Nations. Write Mr. Earl R. Powers, Manager, Tudor Hotel, 304 East 42nd Street or phone 212-YU 6-8800.

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO. Consider The Duffys', a tropical guest house by the sea. Excellent beach, sympathique bar, casual island atmosphere. Box 12232, Loiza Station.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, east of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers quiet and privacy in the midst of town. Spacious air-conditioned accommodations with private bath, television and pantry. Superb restaurant and cocktail lounge. Family Plan and monthly rates available. Write Dept. SR for brochure.

VAGABOND VOYAGES UNDER SAIL—Longing for Tahiti? There's a South Seas Paradise within reach of your vacation schedule—and checkbook! Beachcomb tropic islands of Bahamas with me aboard magnificent 150-foot schooner, "TROPIC ROVER." Informal 10-day cruises, from $175. Capt. Sid Hartshorne, Dept. 10F, 2010 S.W. 16th Court, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

HENRY HUDSON HOTEL, 353 West 57th Street, NYC. Single studio rooms, private bath, $26 per week. Swimming pool, sun decks, steam room, restaurant, coffee shop. Air-conditioning and TV available. Convenient to Coliseum, Times Square, Radio City. Bus, subway at corner. COlumbus 5-6100.

GREENWICH VILLAGE, U.S.A. Stay at the Hotel Albert, East 10th Street and University Place, NYC. Kitchenettes available. Moderate rates. Call ORegon 7-0100.

PLANNING A VISIT to New York . . . on a budget? Then Beekman Tower Hotel is for you—because it offers everything you'll want and more! In the heart of midtown Manhattan's East Side—bright and cheerful guest rooms and suites overlooking the East River and near everything of interest. Two excellent but moderate priced restaurants plus famous Top O' The Tower Cocktail Lounge with its spectacular views of the city's fascinating skyline. Best of all are the attractive rates—especially for groups and families. Inclusive 2 or 3 day weekend package combinations. And if you are driving to New York write for helpful city driving map. Color folder on request. Dept. SR-5, Beekman Tower Hotel, 49th Street, at First Avenue, New York 17. Tel. 212-El 5-7300.

EXPEDITION TO COLOMBIA-PANAMA. Share [illegible] ture, duties, expense. Free literature. [illegible] Yacht Fairwinds, Box 1288, St. Thomas, Islands.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath; free swimming pool; family rates. Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1534

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Amer. astronomer, important work in celestial photography (1851-1907).

B. Capital (comp.).

C. Followed by "Father", what the disciple Philip asked of Jesus (3 wds., *John xiv*, 8).

D. Covered the upper body with a certain garment.

E. Supportable.

F. Specifying a curb bit with a straight shank, from its city of origin.

G. Famous starting point of the Burma Road (terminal of a railroad from Mandalay).

H. Proceeding from madness; a madman.

I. See Work K (2 wds.).

J. Ruffianly fellows.

K. Followed by Word I, a present tithe (3 wds.).

L. Inflammation of the nose.

M. Brassy.

WORDS

132 68 46 64

2 28 168 203 45 87 49 152 140

50 108 138 78 63 35 9 165 22

16 183 104 124 107 143 114

155 38 75 59 144 44 97 118 171

136 186 130 151 42 167 25 117 90

113 115 53 40 86 62

92 32 47 177 149 184 70 169 18

129 105 141 121 145 187

197 51 163 156 119 159 172

13 194 31 100 148 76 178 158 7 123 26 39

176 179 96 85 160 3 69 120

166 33 189 66 6 48

DEFINITIONS

N. Incapable of being overcome.

O. A candy usually made with butter, in which cream is substituted.

P. Most ill-ventilated.

Q. Give shape or figure to.

R. Injure again.

S. The same as; how Kipling linked "our pomp of yesterday" to Nineveh and Tyre (2 wds.).

T. A kind of snuff.

U. Having large teeth.

V. Scottish prelate and statesman, who introduced first printing press into Scotland (1431-1514)

W. Artist of the murals in the Morgan Library, etc. (1814-91).

X. The grantee in a contract allowing a choice.

Y. A zestful flavor.

Z. Body of small landed proprietors of the English middle class.

WORDS

4 181 21 102 29 17 154 58 116 98 131

193 77 12 54 15 188

204 60 73 146 24 8 99 173 182

192 19 95 84 61 162 170

112 82 122 101 20 164 127

11 199 195 71 153 157 65

174 135 57 83 125 79 191 134

147 10 139 27 150 175 5 81

198 74 67 14 36 52 94 133 55 126 43

185 72 110 1 30 180 91

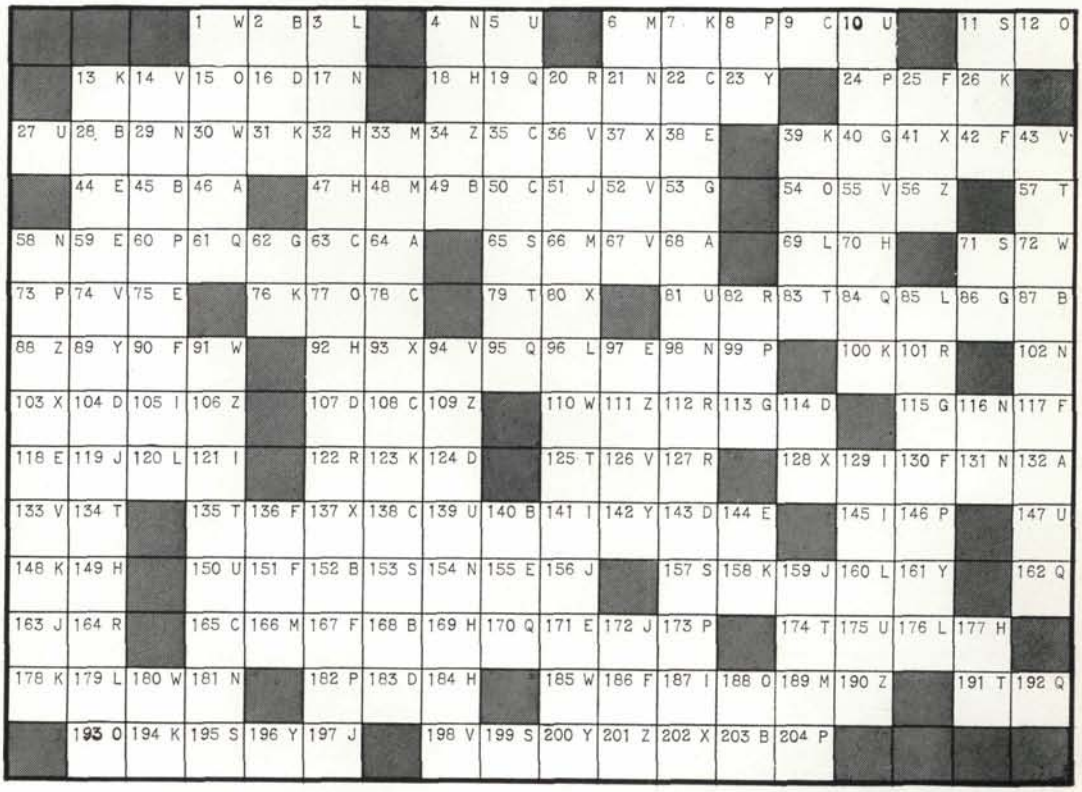
37 128 137 202 93 103 80 41

161 200 89 195 23 142

190 109 111 201 88 34 56 106

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative lengths of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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Kent with the MICRONITE Filter offers smokers the best balance of filtration and mild, satisfying taste

"Balance" is the key word. Because you can go too far in either direction.

Lorillard Research developed the "Micronite" filter to do a good job in filtration. That stands to reason. But they never forgot the fact that real smoking pleasure calls for satisfying taste as well.

So, if you smoke a filter cigarette (or even if you don't), don't you think you should smoke Kent?

FOR BOTH MILDNESS AND SATISFYING TASTE SMOKE KENT

KENT

THE FINER THE FILTER, THE MILDER THE TAST

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